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MONSIEUR VOITURE'S
LOVE-LETTERS.
OMITTED
In Mr. Ozell's Translation
OF HIS
WORKS.



L O N D O N :

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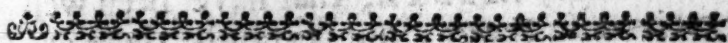
To



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the a



MONSIEUR VOITURE'S
LOVE-LETTERS.



LETTER I.

To Mademoiselle de RAMBOUILLET,
*sending her Twelve Knots of English
Ribbon, for a Wager he had lost to her,
at Discretion; that is, to pay her
what he pleased.*

MADAM,



SINCE Discretion is one of
the chiefest Qualifications of
a Gallant; I think, that in
sending you * Twelve, I pay

* The whole Turn of this Letter, consists altogether in
the double Meaning of the two words Discretion and

A

you

you very generously what I owe you. Don't be afraid of taking so great a Number of 'em, you, who hitherto would never admit of *one* ; for I assure you, that you may safely confide in these, and that it is not in their Power to tell of the Favours you grant 'em. What Glory soever it may be to receive yours ; 'tis no such easy matter to find many of that Humour, at a time when they are all so full of Vanity ; and therefore I was fain to seek after them a great way off, and send for 'em out of *England*. These are not the first, to your knowledge, MADAM, that have been well received in *France* ; but certainly these are the happiest that ever came into it : And if you vouchsafe to receive 'em, they need not envy those that serve the greatest Queens and Princesses. For really, MADAM, there is nothing above you upon Earth ; and whoever could get a place in your Affection, might boast of being in the highest in the World. Methinks I say a great deal for a Man that pays a *Wager* at *Discretion* ; but consider I beseech you, that one *Love-Letter* is not too much for a *Dozen Gallants* ; and that those for whom I write, at least their Country-men, have such an

Gallant ; the former of which, in French, signifies Discretion and a Wager ; and the latter, a Gallant, and a Knot of Ribbons.

odd

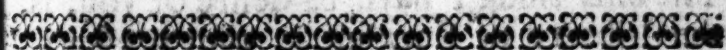
Love-Letters.

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odd way of Expressing themselves, that it seems they are talking of *Love*, when they do nothing but Compliment. Don't think it strange then, that I, being their Secretary, have in some measure imitated their Style; and be assured that if I had had any occasion of speaking on my own account, I should have contented my self with saying that I am, with all the Respect imaginable,

MADAM,

Yours, &c.



LETTER II.

To MADAM——

MADAM,

SINCE *Yesterday* has seem'd longer to me than the last three *Months* of my being without seeing you, and I have no Body here to receive my Letters; give me leave to write to you, and tell you that I never was so much in love before. The three or four Civil Words you said to me the other Day, have so stuck in my Mind, that I cannot remember or think upon any thing that has been said to me ever since. Besides the Favour you granted me from

A 2

your

your own Mouth, that which you did to oblige me, is just ready to destroy me; and I find by Experience, that you imprisoned me when you design'd to relieve me. My Passion makes a much brighter Fire than that Aromatick Wood which you had prepared for me; and I must believe the Flame of it to be very agreeable, since it pleases me while I am Consuming in it: Therefore I do not ask your Assistance in my present Condition, neither would I have any means used that might extinguish it; and I shall do well enough without applying Remedies to allay it's Fierceness. The only thing I have to desire of you, is, the Liberty of Burning in your presence; and since I am to be Consumed, that I may be so at your House, that my Ashes, at least, may remain with you. Those of so Respectful, so Reasonable, and so Disinterested a Lover, richly deserve to be kept; and you ought not to refuse this Favour, to a Man, who takes so much pleasure in Dying for you.

P. S. When I first took Pen in hand, I only design'd to ask you whether you went to the *Play* to Morrow; but I could not forbear Writing you this, which in my opinion, is very much like a *Love-Letter*. Tho' you are not used to receive one from your *forty three* Lovers; I intreat you to read

read this Affectionately. If you can stay at Home to Morrow, you will oblige me extremely; but if you must go to the *Play*, Weep for me; and when you behold the Tragical things that will be there represented; remember those that I suffer for you at the same Time.



LETTER III.

To M A D A M——

MADAM,

ONE of the *Fairies*, to whom you say you carelessly leave your Letters after you have written 'em, has certainly had a Finger in that which you sent me. But however I must believe that it is one of the most knowing in all their Troop; and that it has liv'd as much at Court, as in the Woods. I don't think that there are many of 'em that could do so much; and I am of Opinion, that the same that inspires you to *Talk*, has now assisted you in *Writing*. Besides the witty Turns which I observ'd, and the Beauties which visibly appear in it, there is still something more in it, that touches the *Heart* as much as the *Mind*, and a secret Virtue that produces extraordina-

ry Effects. I had no sooner read it, but I found my self eased of all my Afflictions, and my Soul was in as great Tranquillity, as if there had been no longer any such Thing as *Absence*, *Jealousies* or *Desires*. That, methinks, could never have been done, MADAM, but by the power of *Fairies*; and to Love you as I do, and yet to be contented without the Sight of you, is what cannot Naturally happen. However, I am obliged to you for putting me into the Condition I am in at present; and since *Reason* cannot Comfort me, you do well to make use of *Enchantments*. I am only afraid of their not lasting long enough, I distrust the Joy I feel, and of which I know not the Cause; and I fear lest it is with me, as with those Bodies that are raised from the Dead, and which being animated only by Magick, act but for a certain Time, and then immediately drop down, as soon as the Charm is ended. Do not suffer it to be so; and since your *Words* revive me, and your *Letters* are *Spell*, which hinder me from Dying, take care always to renew 'em, and let me at least be kept alive by Art, till I see you agen, and the Sight of you gives me a real *Life*. You must believe that the Description of your Adventures was extreamly diverting, since it made me take Pleasure in the many Difficulties you Encounter'd. I beseech you to continue giving

giving me an Account of all your Adventures; and as you have related to me those which happen'd to you in the *Woods*, so send me word of whatever you meet with in *Town*, when you get thither. Besides you have taken an handsome opportunity of shewing that you know the—



LETTER IV.

To *Mademoiselle de RAMBOUILLET*.

MADAM,

I Wish, with all my heart, you could have seen what a Condition I was in the other Day, from *Vienne* to *Valence*. No sooner did the Day begin to break, and the Sun to gild the Tops of the Mountains, but we embark'd on the *Rhone*. It was one of those fine Days, in which *Apollo*, when he has a mind to appear more glorious than ordinary, arrays himself; and which is never seen at *Paris* but in the midst of *Summer*. The rest of the Passengers that were in the Vessel with me, diverted themselves sometimes with viewing the Mountains of *Dauphiné*, which appear'd upon our Left-hand, about ten or twelve Leagues from us, all cover'd with *Snow*; sometimes the

little Hills of the *Rhone*, and the fine Val-
lies which reach farther than one can see,
all full of *Trees* in *Blossom*. For my part,
while they were all gay and merry in the
Cabin, I stole away from 'em, and went
upon *Deck* alone, and while every one was
admiring the Objects that were round 'em,
I began to think on what I had parted with.
I sat with my Right-Arm leaning on the
Deck, my Head a little hanging down; and
supported by the Hand of the same Arm;
the other Arm was carelessly extended, and
in that Hand I held a Book, which serv'd
me for a pretence of withdrawing from the
Company. I earnestly cast my Eyes to-
wards the *River*, which I now beheld no-
more. Every now and then great drops
of *Tears* ran trickling down my Cheeks; I
fetch'd *Sighs*, at every one of which it
seem'd as if part of my Soul was coming
out; and at every moment I spoke con-
fused and broken Words, which those that
stood by could not well over-hear, and
which I will tell you, whenever you please.
The Relation I have here made you, would
have appear'd to more Advantage, and had
receiv'd greater Embellishments, if I had
sent it you in *Verse*; for I protest to you,
that the *Water-Nymphs* were concerned at
my Sorrow, and the God of the River, was
sensibly touch'd with it himself: But all
that cannot be express'd in *Prose*. Howe-
ver,

ver, I remain'd in this posture about seven Hours, without ever stirring either Hand or Foot. I heartily wish you could have seen me thus at my Prayers, it might have given you some Devotion ; and the Master of our Vessel said he had carried in his Life-time above Ten thousand Men from *Lyons* to *Beaucaire*, but that he had never seen one that appear'd to be so Wild and Distracted. After this fine Description that I have just now given you, a Thought comes into my Head, that you imagine all this to be *False* ; and that what I have said of it, was only to find Matter to fill up a Letter. Tho' this should be true, MADAM, indeed I were not to be blamed for it ; for, to be free with you, one is often put hard to it, to find out what to say ; and I cannot conceive, how without some Inventions like this, Persons that have neither *Love* nor *Business* between 'em, can write often to each other. However, to speak ingenuously the Truth to you, all that I told you of my *Distraction*, my *Sighs*, and my *Sorrow* is real, but as for the Concern which the *Nymphs*, and the *God* of the *Rhone* felt, I am not certain of it. I spent a whole Morning in one Thought, without ever taking my Mind off from it a moment. During that time, I own to you however, that I thought three or four times, on *Madam de* —. The rest of my Hours I employ'd in

thinking on the Lady your *Mother*, and your *Self*. I gave you my Word, that if we went by Water, I would perform what I promised you; and I have done it so well, that if the like happens to me once more, the first Sun that shines upon my Head in *Languedoc*, will make me Distracted. 'Tis already so hot at *Avignon*, that we can hardly bear it. The *Spring* and *We* are arriv'd here together; we find *Fleas* and *Violets* every where: I heartily wish you both of 'em, for I shall be very glad, MADAM, not to have you sleep too much in my Absence, and I wish you every thing that is fine,

and am,

MADAM,

Your, &c.

P. S. 'Twas, I assure you, a glorious Sight, to behold all the Windows in the Streets of *Avignon*, illuminated last Night, with Candles, Lanthorns, and Torches, to see My Lord *Cardinal*, who arriv'd about seven in the Evening: It was as light as at Noon-day, and if the *Pope* himself were to come hither, his Holiness could not be received in greater State. People gave him every where a thousand Blessings, and because 'tis the *Pope's* Dominions, they are liberal of 'em in this Country.

try. The Jews of *Avignon*, are very well; *Monsieur* the *Vice-Legate* is a fat Man, and *Monsieur* the Count *d'Alais*, a little fatter than he.

Avignon, Shrove-Monday, 1643.



LETTER V.

To Mademoiselle de RAMBOUILLET.

MADAM,

I Must own, I should Love you strangely, were I never to see you; for having been only but two Months without the Sight of you; my *Passion* for you is grown more violent by half than it was, and daily increases so much, that unless I see you again quickly, I plainly perceive it will exceed all manner of Bounds. To speak ingenuously, besides my Satisfaction of having been some time without holding Disputes with you, and having passed a whole *Lent* without having any Quarrels with you about Almond-Milk; I confess to you, MADAM, that your Letters contribute still much towards making me judge more favourably of you, and thinking you handsom-

er

er than you were. The *two* which you have done me the Honour to write me, have lately surpris'd me as much as if I had never been acquainted with your *Wit*; and tho' one has, to be free with you, some Discontent in reading certain Things in 'em, that one could mention here, I have, I assure you, receiv'd a great deal of *Pleasure* from 'em; they have Comforted me in all my *Afflictions*; they have almost eas'd me of all my *Troubles*; and have given me a Joy, which I could not have in this Place, unless by Enchantment, or a Miracle. There is so much of both in what you write, that I do not wonder, MADAM, at their having such an Effect upon me; I am only surpris'd that they make me so impatient of the Happiness of seeing you again: Since it is certain, there is no Man that has a Taste of good Things, and knows you to be so Malicious as I do, but would willingly desire to be always two hundred Leagues from you, to receive your *Letters*. You ought still more to wish that I would content my self with this Happiness, and not desire to come near you again; for without doubt, I serve you much better in being *Absent* from you, and you are, beyond Comparison, more agreeable to me. And indeed, when I think upon all the Services I have done you since you left *Paris*; all that I have said by your Order to *M. de Roussillon*; the Assurances I have

have given of your Affection to *Monsieur* the Count *d'Alais*; the Protestations I made to the Lady, his Wife, of her being one of the Persons in the World, whom you Honour'd and Lov'd the most; the Wonders I said in your Favour to *Madam de Saint Simon*; and the Words in which I assur'd the Deputies of *Marseilles*, of the Goodwill you have always born towards them and their City: It seems to me that I go up and down the World, purely to procure you Admirers, to keep up your Friendships, and to spread your Reputation by 'em. Besides, yesterday *Monsieur* the President *F.* whom I saw in the King's Chamber, came and talk'd to me about your *Wit*; I told him, that he was one of the Men in the World whom you mightily lik'd, and that to my knowledge, you had had a particular Respect and Inclination for him a long Time. He is a fine Gentleman, and he believ'd it. I also assure you *Madam*, and *Monsieur de Chaveroche*, that if ever you have any Cause brought before the Parliament of *Grenoble*, the first President will be on your side. I was extreamly pleased at the reading what you sent me word about the Marquiss *de Saint M——s* Mistresses. Really, I am very well pleas'd at it, and he only wanted to lead such a manner of Life once in his Days, to make him a compleat *Gallant*. To speak ingenuously, to put something in his Mind,
that

that may supply the Place of the Person that was there before, he was forced to put *Seven* at once; and even still, he will have much ado to find in *Seven* of 'em, every thing he lov'd in *one* single one. However, I think it strange, and cannot conceive, to deal freely with you, how it is that a Man can Love *Seven* Women at once; for as for my part, I never lov'd but *Six*, when I lov'd the most, and a Man must be infamous to love *Seven* at a Time. But, MADAM, as he is become a General Lover, and I am grown Melancholy, I believe, for my part, that we changed Souls with each other, the last Time he embraced me, when I took my leave of him. For since that Time, I have been perpetually restless and uneasie, I have always wish'd my self out of the Places I have been in, and even methinks, I had rather love *Madam du Vigean* as I used to do. I know not whether this proceed either from the Honour she has done me in remembring me, or else from the Natural Consequence of an Affection so well grounded as mine, which increases and grows stronger every Hour; but I heartily wish, that instead of his having hitherto lov'd the sweetest natur'd Person in the World, he had made his Addresses to the other whom you know, who would have a Man live and die in her Service, after he has once declared that he has enter'd himself into it, one would have seen
what

what would have been the Event of it. And really it would be necessary, for the universal good of Mankind, to see a Perfidious Wretch once punish'd; I call him Perfidious; tho' he has done nothing but what was desired of him; but he ought not to have been able to have done it, and for his own Honour, and the Affection I bear him, I wish him dead for it. But we shall one day or other, see these Sparks horribly punished in the other World. For my part, I, who have been a Sinner, as well as others, have been Converted after a wonderful manner, and I can say, that I have put my Soul at Rest on that side. But, MADAM, what is that you told me of the Marriage between Madam de V—— and the Count du G—— and where is it that Fortune has been searching for these two Persons to joyn 'em together? I rejoyce at that between Madam de C—— and the Count du F——. There is one of our She-Friends that will be in a great pet about these Weddings, and I my self am very sorry I was not at 'em. All the News here is, that the Garrison of Colioure have Capitulated; you will see by the Letter I send you, that I did not forget to deliver Madam de Lesdiguieres that which you writ her. 'Tis now four Hours since I began writing; is it not Time, in your Opinion, for me to tell you, that I am,

Tours, &c.

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LETTER VI.

To *Madam* De VARDES.

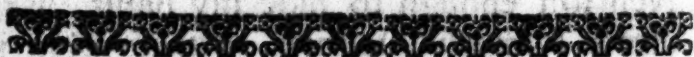
MADAM,

WE have indeed a great deal of Business upon our Hands, as you may see here; and a Man knows not which way to return to his *Duty*, after having so long neglected to pay it, and even to a Person, to whom he is under such powerful Obligations as I am to you, and to whom so much Respect, Care, and Affection is owing. I have been several Months endeavouring to find out an Excuse for my Fault, and to write you a Fine Letter, in which I design'd to prove to you, by twenty or thirty Reasons, that I have not fail'd in my *Duty*. But, I confess to you, that I have not yet been able to find out one; nay, I believe, that all the Eloquence, Wit, and Rhetorick of our University, could not compass it, and 'tis all that yours, and that of Monsieur the Marquis together, could do. Therefore, MADAM, 'tis to you two, that

I Address my self, to beseech you to send me word Frankly what a Man, that is in my Place, can say for himself. Faith, I believe you would then have as hard a Task on't, as I have now. But if you have not Invention enough to hide my Fault, have at least so much Goodness, as to forgive it me. You can neither of you, by any other way, better verifie what I here say of you both, every Day, that there are not, under the Cope of Heaven, two more such Good, such Sociable, and such Generous Persons, as your selves. I beg you, however, to believe, that I have long suffer'd under a severe Sorrow for my Crime; and am now only seeking after the Means to free my self from it. So that, to take the Matter rightly, I am not guilty in reality, but only of the first Month's Neglect; for all the rest of the time, 'tis *Shame*, and the *Confusion* which every Man of Honour, that has so basely failed in his *Duty*, ought to be in, that have restrain'd me. And if all this does not soften your Resentment, I still know of a way, *Madam*, of satisfying you; and that is, by surrendring my self up to you, within three Days, bound Hand and Foot, that you may dearly shew me what I have deserv'd, and give an Example in me, that for the future may make all Ungrateful Wretches Tremble. For, in short, M^A-DAM, I will Live no longer out of your Favour;

Favour; and there is no Danger to which I will not expose my self, to convince you of my being,

Tour, &c.



LETTER VII.

To Madam, the Marchioness de
RAMBOUILLET.

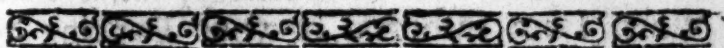
MADAM,

I Had some Reason for my being so very positive about my *Way* from *Valenton*; the other *Road*, which was directly strait, and which People told me I could not miss if I would, I lost my self in three times yesterday, do what I could. When I was just by the Walls of *Brevane*, instead of turning on the Right-hand, I turned on the Left, and went directly as strait as a Line to a Village that was two long Miles out of my way. I don't know how that happen'd; but Madam d' *Angennes*, and Madam de *Saint Megrin* ran strangely in my Imagination, and I saw 'em like two fiery Meteors playing always before me, and lighting me out of my way. I beseech you however, MADAM, not to reprimand them for it; for

for I should then be afraid of their serving me a worse Trick another time, and my Design is to have no Quarrel with such sort of Persons, and to bear every thing, rather than be out of their Favour. However, I am arriv'd here as safely as if I had had your Footman with me. I met with no *Wolves* by the way; nor any of the Dangers you fear'd for me; and I have run no Hazard but by the Persons that I left with you. I assure you, MADAM, that this Day will not pass without my often wishing to see the Horse *Griffon* and You, and to take the Air with you.

I am,

Your, &c.



LETTER VIII.

To Mademoiselle de RAMBOUILLET.

MADAM,

REALLY, a Man is never at Rest when once he loves any thing as much as I do you; I always very much dreaded your Journey, but I thought no other Misfortune, besides the greatest Uneasiness in the World

World, could happen to me; and after I had for some time lamented your *Absence*, the News which we have lately receiv'd here from *Merlon*, has put me into a much greater Affliction. Tho' this unlucky Accident should do no other Mischief than that of separating such good Company, it would still be great enough, and I should hardly be able to Comfort my self under the Misfortune. Methinks, 'tis a long time since the Small-Pox has done any thing so Insolent as that; and as it has not presum'd to do any Injury to MADAM's Face, so neither ought it any more to have spoil'd her Pleasures and Diversions. I Comfort my Self in my Afflictions here with the Joys which I know you have on your side of the World; and I durst not be altogether Pensive and Melancholy, at a time when I am inform'd of your Dancing every day. I have not, at this time, one Thought left that can please me: And I assure you, that the Madams *du Vigean*, were never so tir'd in their Garret or elsewhere, as I am at *Paris*. But see, I beseech you MADAM, how far my Despair carries me; I am resolved to ride in three Days to *Blois*, which is almost the same thing as if I threw my self Head-long into the River. I know not whether I shall ever return again; but let what will happen, do me the Honour always to love me,
dead

dead or alive, and Remember that I was,
or that I am

Your, &c.



LETTER IX.

To the same.

MADAM,

YOU are a fine Lady indeed to complain of Solitude, after carrying away with you all the finest and best Company in *Paris*; and to desire us to Comfort you, when you have taken away from us all manner of Consolation. Were I near the Lovely Princess, with whom you are, I would then send you such Letters as you desire of me; and with an Account of the least of her Words, or Actions, would dispel the greatest Melancholy. If you spend your time so dully with her, as you say you do, it must be the Accident that has happen'd at *Merlou*, that has made her Highness quite another Person than what she was, and she must be a great deal more alter'd with MADAM her Sister-in-Law's Small-Pox, than she was with her own. In the mean time,
this

this is to inform you that all the Houses in *Paris*, are now become Country-Houses, as well as yours; and that there are a great many, indeed, in which there is not such good Company. Nevertheless, if a Person, that is tired with being with *Mademoiselle de Bourbon*, can be diverted with knowing any News, concerning *M. De la G.* I will tell her as much as she pleases of that Lady; for there is scarce any body but she left in Town, of my Acquaintance: and I will fill you two large Sheets of Paper, with the Witty things I have heard her say. Really she is a Genteel Lady, and indeed one of the most Charming, and most Agreeable that we have here at present. Judge then, MADAM, whether I can be very diverting, at a time when I am so ill diverted; and whether you should not approve of my going to *Blois*, as fast as I can, and of my saying no more to you, but that I am,

Your, &c.



LETTER



LETTER X.

*To Madam de B. Madam de B. and
Madam de C.*

MADAM and LADIES,

REALLY, you are very Cruel, in coming so unseasonably to disturb my Quiet; and you must certainly be Born to torment me: Since even the Favours you design to do me, are prejudicial to me, and I never receive any Good from you, without your doing me a greater Ill afterwards. It was not long ago that I would have given all that I had been worth to have received such a Letter as was brought me just now; and it is now come at a time, that there is nothing I would not give that I had not received it. I am sorry, MADAM, that I am forced to make such a return to the Honour you have been pleased to do me, but the LADIES where you are, are so very Proud and Conceited, that I am certain, that if I say any soft things in this Letter, they will take it all to themselves

themselves: And the Company you are with, obliges me to speak more roughly than I would do. Give me leave then, MADAM and LADIES, to tell you that the Afflictions you left me in at parting, had wrought so good an Effect upon my Mind, that really you were quite forgotten; at least you rais'd no more Disorders in it, as you used to do formerly: I bore your Absence with a great deal of Patience, and I waited for your Return in perfect Ease and Tranquillity; I began to think there were other things, besides you, in the World, that were Lovely and Engaging; I fancied that at your Return, I cou'd live three or four Months, without ever seeing you, and not die with Grief; and to tell you the Truth, I hated you more than I lov'd you. As I was pleasing my self with this great Reformation of Mind, your Letter is come to Overthrow in a Moment, all that my Reason had done at several times, and with much Pains. You have, as it were, by the Power of Magick, changed my Mind with a certain Number of Words; and the bare Character of the Things you have mention'd to me in your Letter, has made me quite another Man, than what I was before. I should still be more surpris'd at this wonder, if I did not know that Persons, in whom there are so many Wonders, may easily do some; and if I had not known by Experience, that in every

every thing that comes from you there are certain Poisons, and I know not what Secret Inchantments, against which there is no defending ones self. However, it is true, that nothing more dangerous could have happen'd to me, than this half Favour which you have done me; which has been so powerful as to take away my Resentment, but is not sufficient to satisfy me entirely. So that, as matters stand now with me, I don't see which side I must take, and I cannot have either the Satisfaction of tiring you as I should, or loving you as I would do. In this perplexity of Mind, I cannot very well discover its Sentiments to you; or judge on which side it will turn: All that I can tell you, is, that I am desirous enough of seeing you again, and that I fear I have so much Weakness about my Soul, that I cannot help falling into your Hands once more. If that happens, treat me better than you have done hitherto; for in short, so much ill Usage, produces a bad Effect at long run. And really, it would be pity, that I shou'd not be with the same Passion, and the same Respect, as formerly;

MADAM and LADIES

Yours, &c.

B L E T.



LETTER XI.

*To Madam the Marchioness de
RAMBOUILLET.*

MADAM,

METHINKS 'tis very wonderful, that you, that are Mistress of so many Qualifications as might make you despise every body, should be the most affable and obliging Person in the World; and that you should have as much kindness for me, as if you beheld in my Heart all my Thoughts and Inclinations, which are entirely devoted to your Honour and Service. I assure you, MADAM, that your Name is so deeply engrav'd there, as never to be effaced by Time; and how distant soever you are from the World, nothing is at present in my Mind but you: I should be extremely concern'd at my want of Power to represent it to you with what Joy and Respect I received the Honour you have been pleased to do me, if I did not believe that a Mind, so extraordinary as yours, can guess my Thoughts. Imagine then to your self, MADAM, all the Acknowledgment and Sense of

of Favours, that the most grateful Man living can have, and one who has the greatest Inclination to serve and honour you. That will be pretty near what I am Sensible of, and part of the Zeal, with which I am,

Yours, &c.



LETTER XII.

To Mademoiselle de RAMBOUILLET.

MADAM,

CERTAINLY I knew not what I did, when, after having had the Courage to scold so long, I was reconcil'd to you the Day before your Departure; and that plainly shews me the Truth of what you have often told me, that I have but very little Judgment: You cannot believe how much Trouble and Disorder that Reconciliation costs me; and what Advantage my being again out of your Favour would be to Me. Never did my Absence appear so tedious to me as this, which is just begun. I now feel every thing, that I write you word of formerly; and it seems to me as if *Paris*, and *France*, and the whole

World were gone to *Roan* with you. Consider, I beseech you, MADAM, you who laugh'd at me every time I told you that nothing did me so much hurt as Watching, how many Pains, Sorrows, and Uneasinesses I should have prevented, if on *Friday* the Seventh of *April*, I had been in Bed at twelve a Clock at Night, and how I ought to wish that I had been fast a Sleep the two last Hours of my being in your Company. 'Tis really, a whimsical Fate this, that neither near you, nor from you, will let me be at Rest.

*Ni senti, ni contigo
Puede vivir el mundo*

Having however try'd both several times, I find that the Sorrow of not seeing you, is the most sensible of all; and that you never do me so much hurt, as when you are absent.

May 16th. 1644.



LET



LETTER XIII.

To the same.

MADAM,

TH^{O'} what you said should be true, concerning your having acquir'd some new Excellence in this last Voyage, it would still be Malicious in you to acquaint me with it, and by that means to increase my Uneasiness of being from you: For if I lament the Loss of you now you are naughty, what Sorrow should I have in not seeing you, if I thought you were become good? since 'tis the only desirable Quality that I ever found in you. I will take care not to suffer my self to be made believe what you inform me of; and the thing is not so very likely, that one should believe it at first, upon your Word. The gripe you gave me by the by, plainly shews me, that you have not forgot all your Fierceness at *Roan*, and that you have one of your Humours still left, since you take Pleasure in Tormenting me. But, well remember'd, now I think on't, MADAM, I am very

sorry that I was not present at the Interview between you and the Sea, to see how you look'd at one another, what you both thought, and what happened on the Day the two Fiercest Things in the World met together. If Resemblance ought to create Affection, you two should be very great ; for when I consider its Calms, Tempests and Raging ; its Banks, Shelves and Rocks ; the Damage and Advantages that it causes to the World ; how admirable and incomprehensible it is, Fine to those that behold it, and Terrible to those that trust to its Mercy, Obstinate, Ungovernable, Bitter, Fierce and Angry ; methinks you two resemble one another as much as two drops of Water, and that all the Good and the Ill that is to be said of it, one may also say the same of you. There is this difference, MADAM, that how vast and extensive soever it be, it has its Bounds, and you have none ; and all those that are acquainted with your Wit, swear that it is beyond any Man's reach. And I beseech you, MADAM, out of what Abyss have you drawn this Deluge of Letters which you have here sent me ? all fine ! all admirable ! and such, that each of 'em would require as much time to write it, as you have been absent. What other Wit would not have been exhausted, and could have been sufficient to gain the Friendship and Good-will
of

of so many People, to solicit so many Judges, and to write to so many Persons? The Sea indeed has done you a good Turn; and your sending Madam *de Guise* just in the nick of time to *Roan*, is a sign of your good Intelligence: And to make this Romance more famous, Fortune has done well in making such a considerable Person as you, to be concerned in it. Does it not seem as if all the Adventures of a Country deferred their coming into it, till the time of your Arrival there? Indeed there is something extraordinary in that,

*El dia que tu naciste
Grandes senales avia.*

And I doubt not now, but that when you die, your Name will be put into the *Gazette*. As for *La Gargouille*, MADAM, I don't know what it means. I have read the Relations of *Fernando Mendez Pinto*, and those of the *Spaniards*, and *Portuguese*, of the *West* and the *East-Indies*; but to the best of my remembrance, I never met with that word. I humbly beseech you to tell me the meaning of it. 'Tis pity, really, you do not travel about much, you would instruct us quite otherwise than other Travellers do. I heartily wish it was in my Power to have sent you as diverting things as you wrote to me; but since you left us, *Paris* is as barren of

News, as *Roan*. Which makes good the old Saying, *Such as the Man is, Such is his Estate*, that is, it is worth more or less, according to the Improvement he makes of it. The Lady your Mother is well: *Monsieur A.* was in a violent passion, and stamp'd like a Mad-Man, when he had an opportunity to speak his Mind freely to *Monsieur de Saint Maigrin*, the day that *Monsieur the Duke* left *Paris*: He is grown so fine, and sparkish, you would be amaz'd at it. I saw your Brother yesterday. *Monsieur de Chastenay* has been here these two days. I think I have no more News to send you, I most humbly kiss your Hands, and am with more Zeal than you can imagine,

Tours, &c.



LETTER XIV.

To the Queen of POLAND.

MADAM,

WHAT makes me have the greatest Value and Esteem for the Present which the Marchioness of *Sable* sent me, and the

the handsom manner in which your MAJESTY oblig'd me to take it, is its having made me disobey so great a Queen, without my being guilty of a Crime; its being a pretence for my presuming to be so bold as to write to you; and its giving me an Opportunity of putting you in Mind of me, under colour of returning your MAJESTY, my most humble Thanks, and Acknowledgments. Give me leave then, MADAM, to tell you, that the most Covetous Man living never was so well pleas'd with having a Favour done him, as I was with that which I lately received from your MAJESTY; and that I found my self more sensibly touch'd, upon this Occasion, than I could have believed I should have been. Sincerely, the Honour of receiving any Testimonies of the Good-will and Favour of one of the greatest Queens in the World, and, what I still value more, of the most accomplish'd Person I ever saw; is an Interest sufficient to gain the Affections of the most Noble and most Elevated Minds: And all the Kings of the Earth, have nothing to give of equal Value to it. I wish, MADAM, that all the Bounties which you so liberally bestow, were always so well placed, I mean as thankfully acknowledg'd; and that, among so many Millions of Men that obey your MAJESTY, there may be some that take as much pleasure as I do, in setting forth

B 5

your

your Praise, and proclaiming it to the whole World. Were it so, your MAJESTY wou'd soon have, over all your Subjects, the same Dominion as you hitherto have had over all the reasonable Souls that ever came near you. 'Tis an Empire, MADAM, that was Born with you; that you had before you had either a Sceptre, or a Crown, and with humble Submission is a great deal more Valuable and Absolute, than that which Fortune has given you. I pray God, that your MAJESTY may long enjoy both, with all the Happiness and Prosperity you deserve; and it is Happiness enough for me, to have seen you once in my Life in your Glory, and to have told you with my own Mouth, with how much Respect, Zeal, and Inclination,

I am,

*Madam, your Majesty's
most humble, &c.*



LETTER XV.

TO FLORICE.

LET us wear Black no longer, *Florice*, I intreat you; or, if we must still be in Mourning, let it be only for our Absence from

from each other. I receiv'd your Excuse; before you had made 'em; and you must imagine I did not believe you had done amiss, since I had had the Courage to accuse you. I fought, better than you, after every thing that made for your Discharge; and to deal ingenuously, my Cause was too deeply concern'd with yours, and I had too great an Interest in your Innocence, not to defend it to the utmost. For had you been found Guilty, I should have been the greatest Sufferer by it; and no Body would have been so Cruelly punished as my self. But besides, I have too high an Opinion both of my own Fortune, and your Constancy, to doubt that either of 'em can ever fall so low. 'Tis unworthy of our selves to believe, that an Affection so firmly settled as ours, can any way bely itself; and 'tis a Crime in us, barely to imagine it possible. If one of the two, with whom I upbraided you, had stay'd in your Chamber till Day-Light, I should believe that you had only been willing to take a whole Night to quarrel with him; and tho' I had seen him in your Arms, I believe I should have taken you for another Person, or believ'd that you had taken him for me. It short, I should distrust the Truth of my own Eyes sooner than your Fidelity; and could more easily persuade my self that they have deceiv'd me, than you. No, your Entertaining those two
Gentlemen

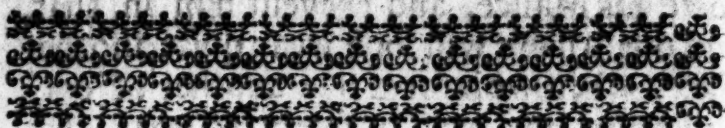
Gentlemen, shall never distract me with Jealousie; and tho' they had been a whole Age with you, I should not think that you had been with them a quarter of an Hour. But still however, pray tell me, when one of 'em took his leave, did you stay alone with the other? and did not your Chamber-maid go up Stairs immediately after? did they part from you as pleased and transported with this Visit as they used to do formerly? and did you still send 'em away full of those pleasing Hopes, with which alone I take 'em to be richer, than if all the other Riches in the World were in their Possession? I enquire nicely into these Particulars, as being extremely sensible that they cannot chuse but be very agreeable to me; and doubtless, this Interview would give me more cause of Satisfaction than Complaint, had I but a perfect knowledge of it. But however, you saw 'em when I was thirty Leagues distant from you; and at the same Time that I was alone in my Chamber lamenting your Absence, they were in yours, and entertain'd with your Discourse; perhaps too they saw you Smile, and you were the occasion of giving one of 'em some pleasing Dream that Night. Ah, *Florice*, what a Traytoress Jealousie is! and how easily it slides into our Souls and beguiles our Reason! I am very sensible that your past Errors oblige you to hard Conditions; and that
you

you are forced to act a great many things contrary to your own Inclinations and mine, unless you will run the hazard of a Thing which you dearly esteem. But if you knew what a terrible shock it gives me, and how sensibly those Thoughts affect me; another time, perhaps, you would venture any thing else, rather than my Life; and after all you reproach me with want of Care and Diligence, in not sending you my Picture. Would you indeed have had me to have been there to have made a Third with the two Gentlemen; and to have been present as an Eye-Witness of the Pleasure and Satisfaction they took in being near you? Sincerely, I believe my Picture could not have born it, and it would have been executing me in Effigie. Nay, yet farther, I am of Opinion, that I should have felt something of it from hence, and doubtless I had fallen into a very Languishing Condition, like those that are killed at a hundred Miles distance, with only sticking their Images full of Pins. But setting aside all that, you ought not to desire a sight of my Picture, in the Condition to which the first Week of our Separation has reduc'd me. There was not, in Painting, Colours bad enough to represent that which Sorrow had spread o'er my Face; and I do not see any likelihood of Drawing to the Life a Person that is more than half Dead. You would have beheld in it, quite another sort
of

of a Person than him whom you have formerly seen sitting by you so Pleas'd and Delighted. And if they had drawn me just as I was then, you would not have known me; for indeed I did not know my self, and I could hardly pass for an ill Copy of the Person I was some time ago. But I am in Hopes, that you will see me speedily look more Gay and Chearful, for I begin to clear up my Countenance a little; and if the Painter does me Justice, you will find in it some Hopes of seeing me soon after my Picture. Prepare your self therefore to receive me with the greater Freedom and Gaiety of Temper, and let not the Recommendations of a good-natur'd Lady hinder you from it, if you still continue to be so. I have sent her no Services; but I have return'd her those she sent me, by three different Persons, and I had not done it but for fear of disobliging you by keeping any Thing of hers. However, I would have acquainted you with it, had I not been afraid to trouble you a quarter of an Hour, by such a disagreeable Remembrance as that. And the same Consideration that hinder'd you from acquainting me with the other piece of News, which I learnt elsewhere, made me say nothing of this. But since we both know the whole Matter, and the Evil Spirit that has separated us will still represent to our view, as it were, every Action of ours that
can

Can displease and make us uneasie, let us deceive his Malice, and prevent him in that, and our Affairs will soon wear quite another Face, when we inform one another of 'em ; and as for my part, I swear to you, that never any thing shall be said or done by me, that can, in all appearance, disoblige you, but what I will immediately confess to you. Promise me the same thing, I intreat you ; and tell me how you came to the Knowledge of my sending Services to any Body, and by what Means you discover'd the Person that inform'd me of the Transactions I complain'd to you of : For in Reality I am uneasie about it, and for my Part, I believe you have some Devil that attends me, and gives you an Account of every thing I do. But since he tells you all, ask him whether I love you, and how often I sigh for you every Day ?





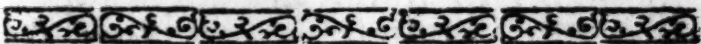
LETTER XVI.

To MADAM*****

MADAM,

TIS a Threatning, that, doubtless, would astonish a more resolute Person than my self; but as long as you threaten me after that manner, I must own, I cannot be afraid of you, and I shall have Courage enough to meet you in the Afternoon; where you command me, let what will happen to me. I know very well, that your Lodgings is no Security to me, and that under the pretence of Friendship, which you do me the Honour to promise me, there is no Body to Day that I ought to fear so much hurt from, as you. But however, be pleased to remember, at least, not to let me be a Sufferer too long: If you design to be as good as you say you will, begin to be so upon this Occasion. And indeed the blind Obedience I pay you, and the Frankness, with which I put my self into your Power again, oblige you, in some measure

measure, to it. Tho' I am sensible for what you design me, I am nevertheless resolv'd to please, as far as I can, the Person whom you desire should be so, at my Expence; and I promise you, I will keep her Love secret, without assuming any Vanity from it: But I know not whether I shall conceal the Confidence you have reposed in me.



LETTER. XVII.

To the same.

MADAM,

THE acquainting me with your Afflictions, is an infallible way of increasing mine; and I, who have hitherto born my own with so much Patience and Resolution, begin to doubt, whether I can bear yours. But however, be it as it will, I cannot suffer too much, since it is for your sake; and the two words that you have interlin'd in your Letter, would make me chearfully embrace Martyrdom. I believe you do not doubt it your self, and that you are pretty well assured of my Resolution; since, after informing me of the Mischief you design'd me, you expect I should voluntarily

voluntarily come and receive it; and meet you after Dinner in a place, where my Torments would be double. This Threatning would fright another, and make a Wiser Person than my self look about him, and provide for his own Safety. But what Danger soever I foresee in it, there is no way for me not to obey you, nor, after having the Honour of being so well known to you as I am, can I help being

Tours, &c.



LETTER XVIII.

To the same.

MADAM,

I Plainly perceive the End of my Days approaching, and that I am now upon the Brink of the greatest Misfortune that can happen to me. However I find a greater Calmness and Tranquillity in my Mind than I could have expected: And in the midst of a thousand Tormenting Thoughts, I still have one that Comforts me. Under the Consternation I am in at present, I cannot see

see the Cause of so extraordinary an Event: But I am very sensible that you produce in my Soul, by I know not what means, some Effects of which I do not perceive the Cause, and that you rejoyce my Heart, without my knowing the reason why. However, I am as resolutely bent upon Dying, as if I had something left to hope for afterwards; and how Cruel soever the Death is, that your Absence is going to give me, I am prepared to suffer it, as if it were a Passage to a better Life; I am only troubled, that the Person to whom you lend me sometimes, does not suffer me to end my Days in quiet; and that I am forced to divide, between you and her, the last Hours that I have to live. This convinces me, of what I could never yet believe, that we all see, at the Hour of Death, our good and bad Angels, and that we see at that Moment, pleasing and frightful Visions. But I humbly intreat you, if you have no Aversion to me yet, not to leave me in this Extremity; but to take care of a Heart which can never be safe but in your keeping, and which would be for ever tormented, if you should forsake it.





LETTER XIX.

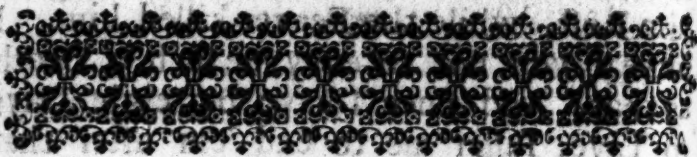
To the same.

MADAM,

IT was time to take care of my Conscience, and it was happy for me, that I made part of my Confession Yesterday: For I was never so ill as I was to Day, and my Distemper increases so fast, that had I deferr'd it any longer, I believe I had died in a bad Condition; at least, with the Concern and Uneasiness under which my Mind labours and is at present tormented; I plainly perceive my self growing Delirious, and I do not expect to continue in my right Senses an Hour longer. What convinces me the more of it, is, my not being very Melancholy amidst the Sorrows and Troubles that were enough to over-whelm me, and my being less concern'd than usually, tho' I am in the worst Condition I was ever in my Life, Just so I lost a Friend of mine the other Day, the height of whose Distemper took away his Senses; his Dreams made him laugh in the very Agonies

Agonies of Death, and his Fancies gave him Rest, while the Feaver killed him. I intreat you not to envy me such a Death as that: And since I have but eight Days to Live, suffer me to end 'em after that manner. However the Truth on't is, I own that you are more Merciful than I thought you were, and I more happy than I could expect to have been. For such a Foolish Undertaking as mine, does not deserve so good Success, and after my having committed so great a Fault, I could not hope, either for so sudden or so gentle a Death. I ask your Pardon; I thought to have written nothing to you but what related to your Friend, and I just now perceive that I have not yet mentioned a Syllable of her. I humbly intreat you to lay what Commands you please on her and me, and to let me know when you will have me go and receive my Sentence. I would intreat you to let it be this very Evening, but I am afraid of being troublesome to you, and I know not where to find you after dinner.





LETTER XX.

To the same.

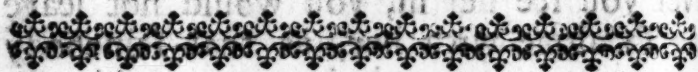
MADAM,

IF 'tis to Morrow that I am to please the Person you recommended to me Yesterday, I humbly desire you to send me what you are willing I shou'd entertain her with: or else not to take it ill, that I do not make other People a Present of a thing in which the poorest are Richer than I. I never had such uneasie Hours in my Life, as the twelve last that are past; and since, I have been depriv'd of the Happiness of seeing you, I have had so little Rest, that I assure you, there are some mendicant Friars that have lain more at ease than I have. The Gentleman whom you wounded yesterday to the Heart, has had a better Night on't; Fear, Regret, Vexation, and all the cold Poisons of Love, have not ceas'd from tearing and rending my Soul in pieces: and Sleep, which for sometime was willing to give my Pains a little Respite, was, strictly speaking, the Image of Death to me,

since

since it always presented me with that of your Absence. In the Condition I am at present, I believe your Acquaintance will not be very well pleased with my Conversation, unless her Love be turn'd into Hatred, and she has no other Passion remaining in her, but that of Revenge. If so, she will meet with an entire Satisfaction in me, and will be glad to find that she is not as yet the most miserable Creature in the World. I desire you, however, that what humour soever you see her in, you would not leave me so alone with her, as that somebody cannot part us; and that you would consider, that there is no Security for me, whether she loves or hates me. I also most humbly entreat you, not to deny me this Favour, that at least if I have---- it may be no other but you that gives me my Death, and that it may be nothing but my Sighs and Sorrow for your Absence, that choak me. I know not whether you will begin, by this, to shew her my Letters I write you: But I shall not complain of it, provided you give me leave afterwards, to depart that very Hour, and make the best of my way for *Spain*. For 'tis a Remedy, in my opinion, very proper to be applied to all sorts of Evils: And if you permitted somebody to retire thither to prevent a Fever, you ought to excuse my going, to avoid Death. But I am surprized at my having
such

Such a Thought in my present Misery; and this Imagination seems to me to be too bright, to enter into the Mind of one so discontented as I am. However, since you save one Man's Life every Year, and promised me Yesterday, to do me all the Favours that cost you nothing; why may I not hope, that I perhaps, shall be the Person to whom you will do that Kindness, and that you will not let me Die, since you can so easily prevent it?



LETTER XXI.

To the same.

MADAM,

I Thought there was nobody but you that could give me uneasie Nights; but Yesterday I met with a Lady, that has made me pass this without any sleep, and has so deeply penetrated my Heart, that I have had no Rest since I saw her. Without any design, as I believe, of Assassinating me, she told me of your going away to Morrow, and that she had heard so much from your own Mouth. Now if it be so, methinks, I have some reason to complain of you (having already cut off half my Life) that,
without

without having deserv'd it, you also shorten my days, before the time. You will think it strange, perhaps, that so unfortunate a Man as I am, should complain of not being suffer'd to live longer; and that I should torment my self at Peoples being willing to put an end to all my Misfortunes too soon. But I plainly perceive, that the most Miserable are still fond of Life, and since I am not to lose mine, but by being separated from you: I believe it is only that way of dying which startles me, and I am excusable for being afraid of so cruel a Death. This Thought has hinder'd me from closing my Eyes ever since yesterday; and if the Day lasts as long as the Night that I have just pass'd, I should not dread your Absence but as a Misfortune, that cannot happen to me these hundred years. But so terrible a Misfortune as this, ought to be foreseen at so great a distance as that; and if it was not to happen to me till the End of the World, I shou'd from this very minute begin to dread it. However, I entreat you, to let me know the Truth of it immediately; and since 'tis all the Favour you can do me, inform me of the Day and Hour of my Death, that at least I may know of it before-hand, and have leisure to prepare my self for it.



LETTER XXII.

To the same.

MADAM,

I Thought the Letter which I here send you enclos'd in this, would have arriv'd as soon as you, and that it would lie a long time at Mr. —'s before you might remember to call for it. But I have been forced to keep it by me, till this very Moment; and I could not find out the place, where the Person to whom I was to deliver it, lodg'd, till two Hours after his leaving it. I suppose you have already been inform'd of the fresh Causes of the Misfortune that has lately happen'd to me, and therefore there's no occasion for my giving you the Particulars of this piece of ill News. I shall only tell you in general, that I am as unhappy in my Friendships as in my Love-Affairs; and that Fortune strikes me in every place where she can wound me. However, if she design'd that this Misfortune should touch me to the quick, she should have sent it me before your Departure; and if she was willing to make me thoroughly Sensible of this last Blow, she should have given it me before she

He had knock'd me down. And by this you may see, how trifling a thing Friendship is, when it is not tender and amorous. For this Accident, which at any other time would have pierced my Heart, and which I would have made good even by parting with all I was worth in the World, could not make me more melancholy than I was before; and of the many numberless Tears that I have shed since, I know not whether one single Tear has been entirely for my Friend. To speak sincerely then, since he must stay here, and has no hopes of going where you are, I cannot think they have done him any great Injury in depriving him of his Liberty, and hindring him from the Conversation of the rest of the World, when he could no longer enjoy yours. It seems to me to be a greater piece of Injustice in 'em, to detain me here a Prisoner, like the rest, and to stop me without ever being accused by any Body. However I confess that the greatest Criminals are not more guilty than I am: And tho' these should conspire against the Government and the King's Authority, I have done an Action bolder than that; for which I plainly see I must die.



LETTER XXIII.

To the same.

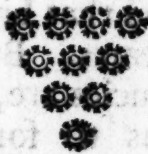
MADAM,

YOU may be assured, that Sorrow nor Love will ever kill any Body, since neither of 'em has killed me yet; and since there is some Appearance of Life remaining in me, tho' I have not had the Happiness of seeing you these two Days. If any thing made me resolve on your Removal, 'twas the Belief that I should be even with you in Dying for it, and that so great a Sorrow as that, would not suffer me to languish long. But however I find my self, contrary to my expectation, hold out much longer than I imagin'd, and what Mortal Wounds soever I receive, I believe my Soul cannot disingage her self from my Heart, because she sees your Image there. This is the only Pretence I can find out to defend my Cowardise; and I see no other Reason but that which ought to detain her so long, where she suffers so many Afflictions

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ons. Since the Hour you saw me rack'd
and torn in pieces at taking my Leave of
you, I swear, I have not been able to dry
my Eyes: And tho' they should no longer
distinguish Light or Colours, they will not
however, ever serve me so faithfully as
they do now, in helping me to lament
your Absence. In this Languishing and
tormented Condition, I fancy my self to
be left alone upon the Earth; or that I am
transported to that Corner of the World,
where the Sun is as rarely seen as Comets
here, and where the shortest Night lasts
three Months. But however this Misfor-
tune could not do its worst against me, if
that in which I am now involv'd, were not
to last longer, and I doubt whether, after
that Time, I should ever hope to see the
Day again. But judge, I beseech you—
to what a Condition I am reduced, that
tho' I am not as yet, but as it were at
the Entrance of so long and terrible a
Night, I already begin to count the Hours,
and pass every Moment of 'em with great
Impatience. And if, amidst this Darkness
that surrounds me, there were but some In-
tervals of Rest, and that I might sometimes
have Pleasing Dreams. But how extrava-
gant soever my Fancies are, they are never
so extravagant as to form any Thing
that is agreeable, in my Mind. And my
Thoughts are only reasonable in this, that
C 3 they

they never promise me any Good. In this Condition, I may safely swear to you, that the most unfortunate Man now living is he whom you honour the most; and sincerely it would be impossible I could live long, if I did not hope to die soon. But I see plainly, that I have but fifteen Days more to lament your Absence, and that my Life and my Misfortune can last no longer. This Hope makes me more patiently endure both; and I believe that you are not angry that I have it, since you are very willing that I should hope for all that I ought to hope for. At least, I cannot explain, more advantageously for my self, the last words you spoke to me; and on what side soever I turn my Eyes, I do not see that ever I can expect better. However, you that see much clearer, and a great deal farther than I do; tell me, I beg you, whether my Folly could have a more happy End than that, and what might have befallen me, had I liv'd longer.





LETTER XXIV.

To the same.

MADAM,

I Am ashamed to tell it you ; but that Unfortunate Wretch that should have died so long ago, is still in the Land of the Living : And after having been fifteen Days without hearing from you, I am now in a Condition to write to you. My Affairs at present are so bad, and the Troubles that oppress me so insupportable, that if I do not free my self from 'em by any means whatsoever, you will rightly conclude that it is for want of Understanding or Resolution, and that amidst the Torments which I suffer, a great deal less Courage would be required to bear Dying, than endure Life under 'em. And certainly this which I now lead is so Miserable, that I should, e'er this, a Thousand times have resolv'd to throw it away, if I had dared to have taken any Satisfaction out of your sight ; and if you had not inform'd me, that

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the Pleasure of a voluntary Death, would have prevented me from being compleatly Miserable. It must then be purely my own Sorrows that do my Business at last ; and I will march gently to my End, without hastning it in the least. For tho' my Concern for being deprived for your Sight, has already cost me a Million of Tears, I have not yet sufficiently lamented your Absence ; and having so many Misfortunes to be concern'd for, I should not be so forward to breath my last Sigh.



LETTER XXV.

To the same.

MADAM,

SINCE you left me, there has not a Moment pass'd but what has added some new Affliction to mine : And every Hour of my Life since, I have taken to be that of my Death. But I plainly perceive, that my Soul, under the Sorrow that oppresses her, has not Strength enough of her own to free her self from my Body ; and if she stays any longer in it, 'tis only like those Slothful *Indians* I mention'd to you, methinks a Hundred Years ago, that
cannot

cannot find in their Hearts to quit the Tree, tho' there is nothing to feed on left: And had rather die and pine away with Hunger, than be at the trouble of removing to another Place. I assure you, I speak nothing but the bare Truth; and that vast and extensive Mind, which makes you so easily understand every Thing, cannot make you conceive half my Afflictions and Uneasinesses. I go whole Days together without opening my Eyes; and lie the greatest part of the Night without shutting 'em. And what must be more Surprising to you, is, that I even now lament, as the past Joys and Pleasures of my Life, the Loss of those dismal Hours of Impatience and Despair, and those Nights which the Fear of having disobligh'd you, made me lie awake with so much Uneasiness and Disquiet. This is the Punishment, which the greatest Folly that ever was, deserv'd; and those are the Pains which I must suffer, for having been too intimately acquainted with you. But in the midst of all these Afflictions, tho' I plainly see that there is no other End but that of my Life, and that all the Favours of Heaven and Fortune are too weak ever to free me from 'em, I yet believe, but I cannot imagine how, that it would not be impossible for you to make me die happy;

and that which all the rest of the World together could not do, you alone could.



LETTER XXVI.

To the same.

MADAM,

I Was in hopes, and indeed I expected to make this Advantage of the Solitude in which you left me, because there was no body here to hinder me from it ; and that, being in a place where I had no manner of Acquaintance, I should have leisure to communicate a Thought of mine to you in a Letter. But their hurrying me away to *Fontainbleau*, has scarce given me time to say any Thing to you ; and Fortune presents me with an important Occasion of going thither, on purpose, as I believe, to deprive me of the Pleasure of Writing to you. However, notwithstanding her carrying it fair with me, I have too much Reason to distrust her, after the many ill Offices I have received from her already ; and I do not think, that she her self, would ever be Friends with a Man, to whom she has done so much Hurt. However, having hitherto preserved me
amidst

amidst so many Misfortunes, I should hope^d if I had not lost all my Courage, that she designs me for something that is great ; and that perhaps she is willing to shew one of her Miracles in me, since she has already perform'd so strange and wonderful a thing, as saving my Life. But the last Favour she did me, is much greater than that, and I am indebted to her, for my finding, by the greatest good luck in the World, the first Letter that you was pleased to write me, after it had been Lost for two Days. I know not whether I should have sent you word of it, but from the very moment I had it, I found that I was capable of receiving some Joy out of your Sight; and while I was reading it, I question whether I was concerned for your Absence or no. Do not think that that was a little Time, for it is all that has pass'd since my receiving it : and 'tis the only Employment in which my Eyes can serve me with Pleasure, since I behold you no longer. If wear, that I say this to you with sincerity, tho' I have seen the two Ladies, your Friend's more than once, and that I find nothing that is agreeable either in the Voice of the one, or the Carriage of the other. Every Time I have been at her House, with whom you left me, *Tasso's* Verses, that I desired her to read, have made up one half of her Discourse, and her Actions the other. And tho' they are two excellent Things in their kind, they

they could not hinder me however, from being as Melancholy as I was the first time you saw me there; and I found nothing in her Carriage, that could comfort me for the Information you gave me, that I can never be Belov'd. However, her Friendship would be more Advantageous to me than you think for, and I ought to court it with more Earnestness than I do, because she is resolute enough to kill those she loves, when they are as Unfortunate as I am. But I see plainly, that she would not grant me that Favour, without her knowing the Cause; and that before she Executed me, she would put me to the Rack. She began to do it a little, the last Day I saw her; and ask'd me several Questions, concerning the Cause of the Damp which still continues on my Spirits. But a Man that can bear your Absence, will know how to endure the Rack; and it is not to be suppos'd, that Torments can make me do any thing, since I am so used to bare 'em; and that having Confess'd once already, I did not find the least Diminution of mine for all that. 'Tis your Business — whom I thus reproach, and of whom, methinks, I have reason to complain; that tho' I have openly confess'd my Crime to you, you are neither just enough to put me to Death, nor good enough to let me live. I ask either the one or the other, with all the desire imaginable; and

and if I may not hope for any Favour from you, at least do me Justice. But whatever you order for me, I beg that I may hear it from your own Mouth; and it is no great matter to me, whether it be Life or Death, provided that I have one of 'em in your Presence. There is no Dangerous Enterprize but what I can perform, nor any Incharmed Castle that I cannot enter, under your Conduct. And if the Incharments that hinder me from seeing you, are to be broke by the most Faithful and most Amorous Man in the World; I assure you, that I am the Person who am to put an end to 'em; and that no other but my self, can have a Right to perform this Adventure. But Mr. *de B*—— with whom I am going to leave this Place, sends me word, that he is just ready to go away; and as I have a great respect for him, I could not dare to make him wait for me. He has a Country-House at *M*—— whither he designs to go within a Fortnight. I must have more leisure than I have at present, to answer some of your Letters that want a Commentary; I hope you will allow me time for that, for hitherto, I have scarce had enough to understand 'em throughly.





LETTER XXVII.

To DIANA.

IF to be depriv'd of the Sight of what you love, is as sensible an Affliction to you as it is to me; and if you suffer, during our Separation, any thing like what I feel; what considerations, Fair *Diana*, can there be, that are powerful enough to oblige you to be two Days without seeing me? And why do we not rather plunge our selves into all manner of Extremities, than into that which this Misfortune reduces us to? Why, only to hinder a few Persons from talking of us, and to prevent 'em from taking notice of our mutual Pleasure and Satisfaction, is it reasonable that we should have no more? And to avoid a little Noise, must we endure so great an Evil? No, no, my Dear *Diana*, the greatest Misfortune that can happen to us, is to be separated from each other, and I know of none that we should fear so much as that. Besides, do not believe that our Amour can be any longer

longer a Secret, on account of the many Uneasinesses we give each other; the Sorrow which always appears in my Face, when you are absent, discovers it to the whole World, and speaks louder than any Body can do. Let us then for the future, give over this Discretion which costs us so dear, and contrive some way for me to see you after Dinner, at least if you desire my Life.



LETTER XXVIII.

To the same.

After letting you be quiet all day, even till Midnight, there is no danger, methinks, Fair *Diana*, in my putting you in Mind to day, that you have an humble Servant who has not seen you almost these two days; and whom they furiously reproach'd yesterday with his Whims and Fancies, while perhaps, where you were, the People commended you for your agreeable Temper. I have thought it proper to put you in Mind of him this Morning, for possibly you did not think of him at all Yesterday; and do not expect that in such good Company, any one of your Thoughts should

should presume to speak to you of me. Besides, I had so many my self yesterday of all sorts, that I have reason to believe you could have none remaining; and I imagine, that you, finding your self to have Company enough, and thinking that I should be too lonely, had sent me all yours to entertain me; for they came in Crowds where-ever I was, and were even so bold as to enter with me, into a House, where they would not be very kindly received. 'Tis the Lady's for whom you sometimes reproach me with want of Pity, and finding with her one of your Cousins, who does not raise any in you neither, I could not forbear taking an occasion to talk of you; for that Reason I stay'd there above two Hours longer than ordinary, during which, your Name was mentioned above twenty Times. I perceived Anger and Jealousie in the Minds of both, and we were handsomly reveng'd on 'em; I of him, who durst be so bold as love *Diana*, and you of her, that had presum'd to love what belongs to you. I know not whether I shew'd too little Discretion, or too much Malice, in this; but I assure you 'twas the only Pleasure I took Yesterday, and the first I ever receiv'd in that place. I desire you to forgive it me, provided I also will forgive you, if by chance you took any Pleasure last Night without me.



LETTER XXIX.

To CLIMENE.

SINCE I cannot speak to you any more than if I was absent from you, give me leave to write to you, and to make use of the only way I have left to communicate my Thoughts. I once thought, Fair *Climene*, that the greatest Misfortune I had to fear, was that of being separated from you ; but has Absence any thing more Cruel, or any Punishment more Insupportable than that of my being near you, in the manner as I am now ? To be near all the Graces, all the Joys, and all the Beauties in the World, without daring to cast ones Eyes on 'em, to have ones Heart on one side, and to look always on the other, to speak one Thing, and think on quite the contrary ; and, while one is in Flames and on the Rack, to be oblig'd to tell idle Tales and Stories, are Torments which surpass all Imagination, and which no Man could bear, if he did not suffer 'em for your sake. I am now sweetly reveng'd of the Hurt I said my
Eyes

Eyes had done me; they are now no freer than I am, they suffer in their Turns all the Pains they have occasioned me, and are punished now by not daring any more to turn themselves towards you, and in losing that Joy, for which I sold my Liberty. Behold, *Climene*, what a Condition I am reduc'd to for your sake! and what Uneasinesses I suffer, for having a better knowledge of the power of your Charms than any body else. I see no likelihood of their Decreasing: I foresee others that threaten me, and I know that within three Days I shall be more Unhappy, when I shall neither see nor hear, nor write to you. However, in the midst of these Misfortunes, I every moment bless the Day I first came acquainted with you; and I had rather suffer all these Pains than the Tranquillity I enjoy'd before I saw you. I only ask you to Pity me a little, and to wish me sometimes better Fortune in your self, since I know so well how to bear a bad one for your Sake.





LETTER XXX.

To Mademoiselle de M——.

MADAM,

I Scarce sleep a wink all Night, I have lost the Taste of every Thing, even the use of the Air is not free to me, and I do not breath so much as I Sigh; this is the Condition I have been in ever since I saw you. Indeed I am not certainly assur'd from whence this ill State of mine proceeds, and I don't know whether 'tis the Effect of my Cold or my Love; however 'tis likely you are the occasion of my greatest Illness, since the greatest Base I find in it, is writing to you. Sincerely, I never saw you look so Handsome as you were the other day. Notwithstanding what you know, which had been enough to fright any body else, I thought you the finest Thing in the World; and tho' you now and then drove me from you, and had changed your Humour into that of Madam de Saint Marten's, your Conversation seem'd to me very Agreeable.

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That shews me, that besides the Charms that appear outwardly, there is still some Secret Enchantment in you, that makes one love you, and is the Reason why you can never be but Handsom and of a Sweet temper, let what will happen to you. In the midst of all your disdainful Airs, I cannot think you Cruel; and when you rend and tear my Heart in a thousand pieces, there is not one of 'em, but what is entirely yours, and one of your Smiles, sweetens the bitterest Sorrows that you make me suffer. As I love all things that are Sweet, I cannot dislike those you do, and even Death it self will seem pleasing to me, in the manner you dress it up. Since I am highly taken with your Incivilities, judge how your Favours would affect me; and for once, at least, give your self the Pleasure of seeing what Effect they would have upon me. You know that a little matter satisfies me, and that, without putting your self to any great Expence, you may grant me all I desire.





LETTER XXXI.

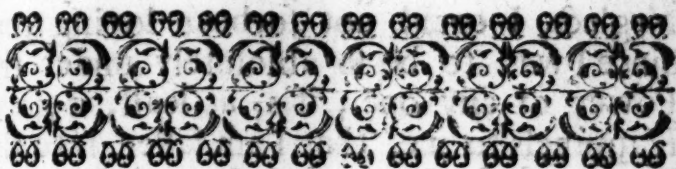
TO MADAM D—

MADAM,

THIS is the Fourth Letter I have written without ever hearing from you ; if it is Fortune's Fault, 'tis the greatest ill-Luck in the World ; and if it is yours, 'tis the greatest Cruelty. However, I cannot forbear to put you in mind of me, without seeing whether 'tis to any purpose or no ; I write Letters to you, without staying for an Answer ; and make Complaints, for which I do not expect Satisfaction. The last time I wrote to you, I thought I had perfectly settled the Peace and Tranquillity of my Mind ; but, as far as I see, one must expect it no more, after having seen you once in one's Life. This Image, which I thought half effaced in my Mind, is there renew'd in all its Colours, and with more Lustre than ever : It so fills my Soul, that there is no longer any Room for any other things, and those that are there

there already, are as far from me, as you that are a Hundred Miles off. Sincerely, 'tis pity, that the Fairest Person in the World should be also the most Ungrateful and Cruel, and that with so many Reasons for not loving you, there should be found so many Motives, and even so great a Necessity for loving you. Finding that you did not perform what you promis'd me, I did what I could to recover my Liberty, in order to get out of your Hands. After all, behold me fallen again deeper than ever into 'em; and all my Endeavours have been to no other purpose, but to teach me not to attempt a thing that is impossible another Time, and not to add to so many other Pains, that of seeking after Remedies, where there are none. You may then treat me as you please, without my being able to resent it; for I have neither Courage, Strength nor Resolution to resist you any more. But you ought, methinks, out of Generosity, not to do any Injury to a Man that resigns himself up wholly to your Mercy, nor to render Unhappy, the most Submissive, the most Disinterest'd, and the most perfect Passion that ever was.





LETTER XXXII.

TIS one of the Finest Days that have
 been this Summer; I am at *Liancour*,
 which is one of the pleasantest Places in
 the World; and I am with three of the
 most Beautiful Ladies of *France*; yet not-
 withstanding these powerful Engagements,
 I have shut my self up all alone, on purpose
 to write to you. By that you will have
 Reason to conclude, that I am not in so ill
 an Humour as I was the last Time, and that
 this Letter will be kinder than the other.
 An Hour after my sending it you, I repent-
 ed of it, and the same Evening I receiv'd
 yours, which entirely satisfied me; not
 that I had chang'd my Opinion, and did
 not think my Resentments just; but I can-
 not any more be angry with you long;
 and I am well assur'd, that you cannot do
 me so great an Injury, but what you could
 make me forget it with three words; For,
 in short, my Passion is now rais'd to that
 pitch, to which you once said at *St. Clou*,
 it ought to be; and tho' you should have
 prov'd

prov'd your self guilty of Infidelity, not Neglect, I could not forbear loving you. Since I was to be so absolutely under the Power of any one ; 'tis, at least, a great Happiness to me, that I am fallen into the Hands of so Good, so Just, and so Reasonable a Person ; and who disposes of me, with more Care, Goodness, and Reason, than I could have done my self. I could however reproach you, at this instant, with not having taken care enough of my Repose ; for speak sincerely ; what was your design in sending me word, that Fortune has made strange Alterations in you, without telling me what, and leaving me to guess the rest ? This is the finest Invention in the World to make me fancy, and be deeply sensible of all the Misfortunes that may have happen'd to you ; whereas I should have been free from some of 'em, had you but inform'd me what they were. Deliver me quickly then from this Uneasiness, which, I swear to you, is one of the greatest I ever felt in my Life. I write this to you in haste, and am often interrupted. Nay, even now they call me, and knock at my Chamber Door. But I cannot find in my Heart to write you a short Letter, and perhaps you would think it worse than the last, if it was not long enough. I have kiss'd yours a Thousand times, and have read it over no less. 'Tis the prettiest

and most obliging Letter in the World. But, for Heaven's sake, write to me without any Constraint, that you may write to me with Pleasure, and speak to me in your Letters, with the same Freedom that you do in your Chamber. I am but too well acquainted with your Wit, do not make your self uneasy about that, and only let me know your Affection in the manner I desire. I am extreamly pleased, at your being with the Person you mentioned; for knowing how much you love her, and how agreeable she is, I am sensible what a Comfort and Satisfaction her Conversation is to you. You write me word, that she already knows me as well as you; What, have you told her all my ill Humours, have you inform'd her how unkind I am, and what Pains I have given you? Sincerely, you are a naughty Woman, if you have done it; and I know what I will tell her, by way of being Reveng'd of you, when I see her. You need not to have drawn me so much to the Life, and it would have been better to have Painted me a little less like, to have made me more amiable; for she, who so highly values your Repose, which is not disturb'd by your Jealousie of me, and so sincerely loves what you love; may, I fear, hate me, because I have tormented you so much; and believe that I am not a Man of Honour, when she knows

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of

of my having been so Jealous. But I beg you, by all means, to give her a good Character of me, for above all things, I desire to keep fair with her, and especially now, since I flatter my self, with the being beloved by you, there is nothing in the World, I covet so much as her Friendship: I have lost Monsieur C—— these four Days, and without Flattery, I am mightily concern'd at it, for I highly love and esteem him. I told him I would write to you by the way of—— I am extreamly pleased to hear, that the Books I gave you, afford you some Satisfaction in reading 'em; but let me know which please you the best, and in that, what you love besides. I design'd to desire you to acquaint me with one particular Thing, but do not only inform me of that, but give me an Account of every thing you do; for I shall be extreamly glad, to know the most trifling of your Thoughts and Actions. I am returning to *Paris*, where I shall find a Letter from you, which makes me very impatient to be going thither. I expect to be there in two Days. But because the Post does not go out till to Morrow about Noon, I send this Letter before by a Foot-man. Adieu, love me, I conjure you; as for my part, I cannot tell how much I love you, Time only will shew you.



LETTER XXXIII.

To MADAM——.

MADAM,

AT length I am arriv'd here, alive and
and well ; but I am asham'd to tell it
you ; for methinks a Man of Honour and
Breeding should not live after having been
Six days without seeing you. I should won-
der more at my having been able to do it,
if I did not know, and had observ'd that
for some Time past, nothing but extraor-
dinary Things have happen'd to me, which
I did not in the least expect ; and that since
I have been acquainted with you, there has
nothing been done in me but by Miracle. In-
deed a very strange Proof of it, is, my be-
ing able hitherto to Conquer so many
Troubles and Misfortunes, and that a Man
who has received so many Wounds, should
live so long ! There is no Oppression either
of Sorrow or Languishment whatsoever,
that is comparable to mine ; Love and Fear,
Concern, and Impatiency, distract and toss

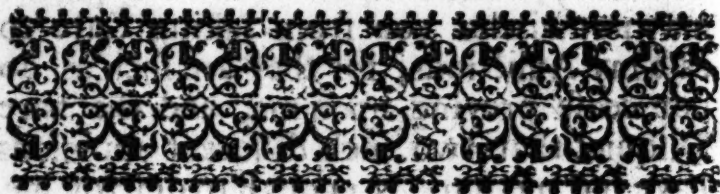
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me about different ways, every moment. And that Heart which I gave you whole and entire, in now torn in a Thousand pieces; but you are in every one of 'em, and I would not give the least for all I see here. However, amidst so many grievous Vexations, I am not, I assure you, to be pity'd; for 'tis only in the lower Region of my Mind the Tempests are form'd, and, as long as the Clouds go and come, the upper part of my Soul still remains Clear and Serene, and you are always there, Fair, Gay, and Shining, such as you were in my brightest Days, with those Rays of Light and Beauty, that are sometimes seen, by me, to Play around you. I own, that every Time my Imagination turns that way, I lose the Sense of all my Misfortunes; so that it often happens, that while my Heart suffers the greatest Torments, my Soul tastes the greatest Felicities; and at the same Time that I weep and torment my self at the Thoughts of my being Absent from your Presence, and perhaps from your Mind; I would not change my Fortune with those that see, are lov'd, and enjoy it. I know not, MADAM, whether you, whose Soul is always so Serene, can conceive these Contradictions; 'tis as much as I, who feel 'em, can do to comprehend 'em, and I often wonder at my being so Happy and so Miserable

ferable at the same Time. But I beg, that what I say, with Respect to my Happiness, may not hinder you from taking Care to ease my Afflictions, for they are such as do not cease preying upon me, and the bare Disquiet that two such different Opinions have put me into, is enough to destroy me. If you have any Reasons, that are not taken from *Seneca*, I conjure you to write 'em down for me; and send 'em me, on this Occasion, some of those Miraculous Words, which you can speak, and which, in an instant, can give Vigour and Gaiety to the most dejected Minds, and have twice before sav'd my Life already. Really you are oblig'd to preserve mine, since 'tis entirely yours, and I gave it you so generously. For my part, I own that I value it the more for its belonging to you, and that I shall be sorry to leave the World so soon, after being acquainted with the Finest and most Perfect Thing in it.





LETTER XXXIV.

MY DEAR,

I Ask your Pardon ; and confess to you, that methinks I have not lov'd you for some Days past, and that it is but from Yesterday that I began to love you. At least my Passion is increas'd so much since that Day, and has rais'd and exalted it self so high, that when I look from thence, that which I had before, seems so low and mean to me, that it is hardly Visible ; and the Love which eight days ago I thought the greatest in the World, scarce passes with me now for any Thing. As I am pleas'd to find my self in this Condition, so I am vex'd that it did not happen sooner to me ; and I shall hate my Heart for having so long conceal'd from you so great a Place as you have in its Affections. Considering how Beautiful you were, methinks, I have done you an injury in not loving you as violently

ly

ly, as I do now, from the first moment I saw you; and I should not have suffer'd the Obligations I have to you, to contribute any thing towards that. But certainly it proceeds from my not being able to have a perfect Knowledge of you at first; and, to speak sincerely, so many different Beauties, such a variety of Graces and Charms; so much Wit, Judgment, Courage, Strength and Generosity of Mind, as you are Mistress of, cannot be discover'd at one View; there must be Time for that, and there are so many Perfections in you, that it would require several Days only to view you all over. I know not whether I am mistaken, but methinks, I have now compass'd my Designs, and my Mind is so full of you, that there is is no Room left for any Thing else: My Soul is wholly taken up with Thinking and Contemplating on you, and that with so much Pleasure and Attention, that tho' I am upon the brink of the most frightful Precipice in the World, I scarce take Notice of it, and finding my self within a few Moments of losing you, I do nothing but rejoyce my having found you again. I swear, to you, *My Dear*, I write nothing but what I think, and the least part of what I think I write to you. There are no more Words to be found that are fit to express my Passion for you; it being far beyond all Expression

pression and Imagination. You are the only Person in the World that can conceive it, except,

Your, &c.



LETTER XXXV.

I Don't well know, at present, in what manner to write to you; for I am very much displeased with you, for not letting me hear from you all this Time, tho' you had an Opportunity of writing every Day. What hinders me, is my unwillingness to write any thing that may trouble you, or disturb your Repose; for sincerely it is dearer to me than my own. But on the other hand also, I will not conceal my Resentment from you, and 'tis not in my Power to use Artifice with you, or to write to you as I would do, if I were in Humour with you. To deal ingenuously with you, I cannot conceive how a Person, that has done so many things for the Preservation of my Quiet, could not be able in Six Weeks Time to write one Letter to oblige me; and that you, who think Absence so dangerous a Thing, and have express'd so great a Concern lest it should have an ill Effect upon

me, should give your self over so to it, and should so long neglect making use of the only Remedy against it. 'Tis pretty near two Months since you left me, you had Directions how to write to me, there were Post-Houses in every Place you pass'd through, and yet I have had no Letter from you. In your Opinion now, what can I think of this? Will you make me believe, that at *Orleans*, at *Blois*, at *Tours*, at *Angers*, and afterwards, during the whole Time of your being at — and at — you have had no Leisure to write me one Letter? Is it that you have no desire to see mine, and by that you judge that I am in no great haste to see yours? 'tis true that you lay under no Obligation to do it, and that I told you, at parting, I did not expect to receive any Letters from you, till you had had time to receive mine. But ought you to have written the less for that? and should you not take Pleasure in procuring me a Good which I did not expect? I gave you the Liberty not to oblige me, you have made use of it, and you have not written to me at all, because you could dispense with your omitting it. What then! if you had known that I had expected no Letters from you under four Months, you had been all that Time without writing to me, for whoever can go Six Weeks, may stay twenty without doing it? To talk

freely with you about the matter, I know not what to think of it, if I could suspect the best Mind, and the truest Heart, in the World, guilty of Fickleness, I should believe that you had been alter'd in your Temper. But any thing else appears to me to be more likely than that. However, I assure you, *My Dear*, and I still call you so heartily, that my Affection for you is not in the least diminish'd. That has only lessen'd the Secret Joy that I have still left amidst my Afflictions; and the Satisfaction I had to think, that since I knew you, you had had for me all the Care, Goodness, and Tenderneſs I could wish, and that you have never let slip any Opportunity of giving me all the Assurances that one ought to expect from a true and perfect Friendship. Tho' it is not thus now, I do not love you the less for it, and you are as dear to me now as you were when you made your Heart bleed every Day for my sake, and fear'd not to shorten your own Days, to prolong the Time of our being together. I suffer all my Afflictions with Constancy and Resolution; and what vexes me the most, is, that you have given me Reason to believe, once in my Life, that I should not be the most Ungrateful Man in the World, tho' I lov'd you but indifferently.

LET



LETTER XXXVI.

MY DEAR LIFE.

IN what horrible Darkness have you left me? and into what Abyſs am I fallen, ſince I have been depriv'd of your Sight? I value your Quiet too much, to preſume to tell you all the Uneaſineſs you give me, and my Troubles are grown to that paſs, that I ſometimes wiſh that you lov'd me leſs than you do, for fear of your ſuffering what I bear. You will not think it ſtrange that my Mind is in ſo great a diſorder, if you conſider the Occaſion of my Diſturbance; and you will not be aſtoniſh'd at my being hardly able to riſe, after falling from ſo great a Height. But I beg of you, *My Dear*, to conſider with your ſelf, every thing that has happen'd to me within theſe few Days: Fortune has found me out the moſt amiable Perſon in the World; I have ſeen her, and I have loved her; She has alſo expreſs'd a great Inclination for me; I have loſt her; and all this has paſſed ſo ſuddenly, and has been done in ſo great a hurry, that I often doubt whether I have been ſo happy as I imagine.

imagine, and whether I have not dreamt of all that I believe has happen'd to me. Besides, to speak of it soberly, so many Pleasures in one Person with whom I was scarce acquainted, so much Courage and Resolution in one Woman, so many lovely Qualities in one Subject, and so many Treasures discover'd at once ; yet farther, such an infinite number of Accidents one upon another, and such a Crowd of Adventures both good and bad, are things which seem rather to have been dreamt of, than to have been true : and there is no well-contriv'd Fable, that has not a little more Probability in it. In short, *My Dear*, this fine Dream is at an End ; I can't tell what are become of all those good things, my Rest has been disturb'd, and I find my self now I am awake, in the blackest and most horrible Night that ever was. However, I endeavour to pass it as patiently as possible, and till the Day appears, I entertain my self with the most agreeable Imaginations I can. I consider that 'tis Joy enough to satisfy me for the Remainder of my Life, to have been only one Moment belov'd by you ; and that the Remembrance of that Happiness should make me chearfully suffer all manner of Afflictions. It was not reasonable that the most valuable things in the World should cost me nothing. Fortune has been just in making me purchase the Heart you gave me,

me, and I take it kindly of her, that at least she has not made me pay for your Affection, but till after you had generously given it me, at a time when you owed me nothing, and I could not keep it but purely by your own Inclination. I should be very uugrateful, if I complain'd now of shedding some Tears for a Person who has formerly wept so many bitter ones on my Account. 'Tis time that I should suffer in my Turn, and give you some Proofs of my Affection, after my receiving so many of yours. But you are always so kind to me, that it was impossible I should ever suffer any Uneasiness in your Presence; and it was necessary you should be separated from me, that I might have an Opportunity of Suffering, and deserving your Favour. I short, *My Dear*, these are the Thoughts with which I endeavour to sweeten the bitterest Afflictions in the World; and to support my Spirits in the Absence of the most Accomplish'd, and most Charming Person that ever was: But notwithstanding all I can do, I own to you, that both my Courage and my Reason often forsake me; and I am well assur'd, that unless you afford me some Assistance, I cannot hold out long. Let me hear from you then quickly; assure me that you are well in Health, and bid me torment my self less.



To Madam D. B.

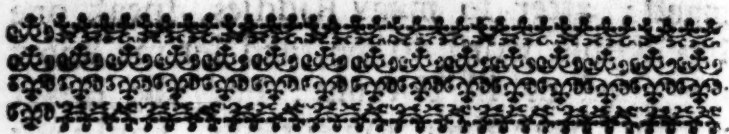
LETTER XXXVII.

MADAM,

THE Night is pass'd with all other Men, but it is not over with me yet; since I see nothing in the only thing which I am the most desirous of knowing in the World. My Mind has a long time been cover'd with such thick Clouds, that the Light cannot enter it; and in the gloomy Darkness that furrouds it, I can perceive nothing but confus'd and irregular Ideas, which sometimes divert, but oftner fright me. Dispel this Darkness then, You, in whom all the Brightness of Heaven seems to be inclos'd, and suffer me no longer to doubt, whether I am the Happiest, or most miserable Man upon Earth. The most tormenting Afflictions, and the most perfect Joys, are always so mixt together, that one never goes without the other; and it often happens, that in the same Moment I feel incredible Pains and infinite Pleasures. Separate 'em, I conjure you, suffer not such
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Disorder to reign in a place where you command; after so many Riddles, speak one intelligible word to me, and let me know my good or ill Fortune: For the Heart which I have given you entirely, I only ask you to let me see into yours, and that the clearest Mind in the World may not always be dark and obscure to me. Think what pain it is to me, never to speak to you but before a Person who would be a Mortal Enemy to my Passion, if ever she should come to know it; what Torment it is always to make a Jest of so serious a matter; and perpetually to use a Lie to express such pure and unfeigned Truths. Give me Strength to bear all this; be pleased always to continue my Happiness by saying one word only; suffer not the justest Passion in the World to be the most Miserable; nor let me die with Grief, for having lov'd the most beautiful Person that ever was.





LETTER XXXVIII.

To the same.

MADAM,

I Must certainly believe that you bewitch'd me yesterday, when you made me say that I was friends with you; for, without the Power of Magick, it would be impossible that only by three words, which signified so little, you should have made me forget the most cruel Injury you could do me. However, I must own, that you beguif'd my Sorrows, and so nicely confounded my Judgment, that in the most sensible Disappointment I ever receiv'd, I felt the greatest Joy I ever had: But the Charm was soon over; and, to my great Misfortune, my Understanding came to me again as soon as I parted from you; and after having been scarce able to refrain from Tears of Joy in your Presence, I have all this whole Night shed some of the most bitter in the World. Notwithstanding my Endeavours to deceive my self, I am sensible that you have acted such a piece of

False-

Falschhood by me that cannot be forgotten ; that for the future puts a stop to all manner of Dealings between you and I, and hinders the Re-establishing a mutual Confidence for ever ; but what is still more Cruel, is that, tho' it appears to me, by all the Reasons in the World, that I ought to love you no longer, yet I see no likelyhood of being able to do it. All the Sorrows which you repell'd yesterday, are now return'd in Crowds into my Mind, and have put all things in so much disorder there, that, except the Sense of my own Misfortune, and the Remembrance of your being the finest thing in the World, there is not a grain of Reason, Knowledge, or sound Understanding left in it. This is my present Condition ; and indeed there does not seem to be any help for it. But see what a Confidence I have in you ! If I can to day but hear one obliging Word from your own Mouth, if you shew me any kind Action, or a favourable Look, or only say within your self, that you desire my Welfare, I am assur'd that my Misfortunes will immediately cease, and I shall forget all the Sorrows and Uneasinesses you have given me.





LETTER XXXIX.

To the same.

I Most humbly ask your Pardon, but I own to you, that I have been pleased with you about twelve Hours : I am very sensible, that with respect to you, it is the greatest Crime I could commit; and that there is nothing which makes you so angry with me, as your Belief of my having some secret Joy. Judge, by that, of my Gratitude, for tho' I know that you will make me repent of it, I cannot forbear returning you Thanks, and telling you, after all, That there is no Trouble or Uneasiness, but what I can willingly bear for your sake. Destroy then immediately, if you please, all my Hopes and Imaginations; tell me that I have mis-understood all that I have explain'd in my own Favour; shew me that my Passion is indifferent, or else troublesom to you. It is Happiness sufficient for my whole Life, to have been able to believe but half a Day, that you

you do not hate me; and this Satisfaction has given me Strength to bear all manner of Afflictions.



LETTER XL.

To the same.

ARE you not the most Barbarous Person that ever was Born? you are not satisfied with doing me no good, but you would have me to think of none also; and as if your Honour were concern'd in my being always Melancholy, you take pet, whenever you find a little Joy lurking in one Corner of my Heart. What, I beseech you, does my being satisfied of my own Happiness cost you? And what hurt does my counterfeiting Pleasures, to which you contribute nothing, do you? since I have been so blind, as to place my Affections on the most Ungrateful Person living. Are you not very unjust, after all, to condemn my Want of Judgment in any other thing, and yet to take it amiss, that a Man, who has manag'd himself so ill, should not know how to judge very rightly here? Give me leave, at least in this Affair, to enjoy the Confusion of my Reason,

son, and to make some Advantage of the Disorder you have occasion'd in my Mind. If I was in my right Senses, I should not think you lov'd me; but if I was really in 'em, I should not love you; and in the Condition I am now, I can no longer think of any thing that vexes you.



LETTER XLI.

To the same.

SINCE you are so terribly afraid of my being too happy, and give your self so much Trouble about my Thoughts, as if you were to be reponsible for 'em; I must open 'em a little more to you, and explain, for once, what those Hopes are, about which you quarrel with me so much: Let me die, if I will not tell you the whole Truth; for as I am sensible of the Brightness and Penetration of your Wit, and of the manner in which you entirely fill my Soul, I would not dare to pretend to conceal any thing that is there, from you. I protest to you, that I have never expected, desir'd, or even wished in my Mind to be belov'd by you, as I love you: For knowing you to be so much

much above every thing here below, I did not believe you were capable of that sort of Passion, which unites two Souls of the same Nature.— But as the Spirits above, sometimes have a Love for Mankind, and take care to conduct and guide 'em in all their ways, so I thought that you might wish me well; and that it was impossible, that the most generous Soul Breathing, should not be sensibly toucht with the purest Affection that ever was. 'Tis on that Account, I own to you, that it has often happen'd, that some of your Actions, as a Smile, a Look, or a Blush, upon a favourable Occasion, have now and then made me fancy you did not hate me. But to imagine so easily as that, cannot be called Belief, but something less than an Opinion, a Suspicion or a Doubt, which floating lightly on my Mind, left behind it a tract of Light, and fill'd my Soul with Joy and Satisfaction. You now see from whence proceeds this Gaiety and Contentment of Mind that offend you so mightily; and if after I have explain'd 'em to you, you think 'em still unjust, I am ready to part with 'em; for tho' I could be happy, I should really scruple being so, unless you willingly consented to it; and as I have entirely given you my Heart, I leave the management of it to you; 'tis your Business
to

to dispose of it, and to consider whether you would rather have it Happy or Miserable.



LETTER XLII.

To the same.

IF all that is Fair, Charming and Agreeable in the World were joyn'd together, would any thing be so lovely as you were last Night? and was not whatever the Poets say of the Loves, the Smiles, and the Graces, visibly seen around your Person? After my being so happy as to see this Glorious Sight with my own Eyes, I make a Resolution never to complain of any thing again—

I foresee it will cost me the remainder of my Heart; but let me Die if I am concern'd for it! and had I those of the whole World, I would freely give 'em all, for a Pleasure like that which the Sight of you gave me.



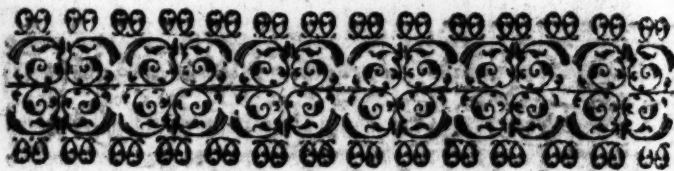


LETTER XLIII.

To the same.

I Am well satisfied I shall never get out of your Hands; and that all my Attempts to rid my self of you, are to no purpose: For as you every Day do some new thing to vex me, which gives me an Inclination to rebel; so I daily discover in you, some new Beauty that restrains me from it; And as fast as my Vexations increase, your Charms augment, and my Chains grow stronger. After having used my utmost Endeavours to resist all the Beauties I had discover'd, both in your Mind and Person, it happens, that when I see you, I find out some new ones, which I have not observ'd in you before, and against which, I was not prepar'd; and indeed, there is in you so great a variety of Fine Things, that I always meet with some of 'em, against which I cannot defend my self.

LET-

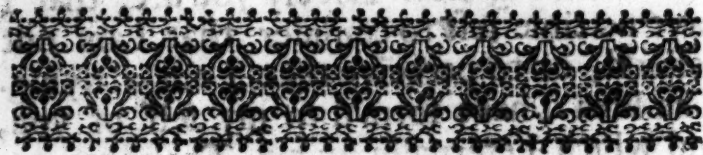


LETTER XLIV.

To MADAM de V—.

AFTER fourteen Verses, give me Leave to add fourteen Lines of Prose, and to tell you, in a Language which has usually more Sincerity than there is in Poety, that I die for you. That Beauty which I have just mentioned, is much better written in my Heart than it is here; and the Idea I have conceiv'd of it is such, that in placing you above *Aurora* and the Sun, I say nothing but what appears to me, to be too low, and what I think beneath you. Judge, I beseech you, how quiet and serene a Mind must be where you are so well represented; which beholding every moment the brightest Object in the World, among so many Reasons for desiring, sees not one to hope for it, on which side so ever it looks. In this Condition, however, mine is not the less contented; it is so employ'd in viewing the many wondrous Qualities that are in you, and
with

with thinking how Lovely you are, that I have no time left to consider that I am not belov'd, or to perceive that I am a dying. The Idea I have form'd to my self of you, and which I eternally fix my Thoughts on, has so engag'd me, that I do not take notice of what I want, or what I suffer; and while my Heart burns, and is consuming, and while it fears, desires, and is toss'd to and fro, my Thoughts are calm and easie, and give me Joys surpassing those of other Men. However, I have reason to think that my Life cannot last long at this rate; and since it belongs to you, and you are Mistress of it, I take it to be my Duty to inform you of the Danger it is in. 'Tis your Business to order it as you please; for, as for my Part, I have nothing to ask you on that score, and my Will is so much under Subjection to yours, that I do not suffer it to wish the good that you are not desirous I should have, nor to shun the Evil to which you devote me. What I can say to you, is, that my Heart being entirely and impartially yours, 'tis unreasonable, that all my Pleasures should lie only in my Imagination; and perhaps it is but just, that you should give more real and substantial Satisfaction; to the sincerest and most lasting Passion that ever was.



LETTER. XLV.

To Mademoiselle —.

MADAM,

THE greatest Joy I ever knew in my Life, is that of having seen you, and the greatest Uneasiness, that of being depriv'd of the Sight of you. Let me die, if my Eyes have met with any agreeable Object since I saw you ! I have left behind me at *Blois*, all the Pleasures I used to find here ; and I am more uneasie at *Paris* than I ever was in any place in the World. However, I should be sorry, if I was less concern'd ; and I love my Sorrow, when I think it would please you if you saw it : Really it is just, that so good Fortune, as that of my having met with you, should cost me something ; and tho' I should lose the Quiet of my whole Life by it, I should not think I had purchas'd it at too high a price. The least Remembrance, or the Remembrance of any of your most indifferent Actions, or of any of your Words, gives me more Satisfaction, than

than all manner of Misfortunes whatsoever can give me Pain and Uneasiness; and at the same time that I am Suffering, on the account of my not seeing you, and for fear you do not love me, I would not change my Condition with those that are the most happy, and who see, and converse with you. So great a Resolution where there is so great an occasion for my being concern'd, shews that I begin to believe in good earnest, that you were sincere when you told me that you had given me your Heart; for if I had none but my own, I could not withstand so many Vexations, and I plainly perceive that such extraordinary Courage does not proceed from my self, and that it must certainly be deriv'd from you. To speak the Truth, this Adventure of mine is somewhat strange, to meet with every thing that is Lovely and Agreeable in the World, in one single Person, to love her as soon as I saw her, and to lose her as soon as I had lov'd her; that my Happiness should be made and vanish at the same Instant; and that in so little a space of time, I should have so many Reasons to be Merry and Sad. However, I cannot but think that to be a fortunate Hour in which I saw you first; and I would not change the bare Idea that my Mind still retains of you, for all the Riches upon Earth. I shall confirm my self the more in this Opinion, by the

Answer you send me; and if it be as favourable to me as your Discourse, I shall think no pains whatsoever too great, that I shall suffer for your sake. Be not afraid then, I beseech you, of the Danger you told me there was in writing to me; and run some Hazard, to prevent that in which I shall be, if you take no care of me: Consider then, when you write to me, that there is nothing that obliges a generous Soul so much as an entire Confidence: And that it is reasonable you should give some Consolation to a Man, who will have none, nor can have any, but from you alone.

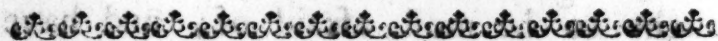


LETTER XLVI.

AFTER having had one of the noblest Nights in the World, I cannot find in my Heart to pass a day after the same manner; and yet I foresee that this will not be much better to me, unless you, who make my good and bad Days, order it otherwise: I thought yesterday, when I took my leave of you, that I was very Easie, and that the three or four words which I forced from you, had entirely satisfied me; yet I had scarce got ten Steps from your House, but all my Misfortunes

tunes began again; that Vexation, those Fears, Jealousies, and Suspicions, which had just left me, attack'd me all at once, enter'd my Mind, and have not quitted the Possession of it yet, whether I have been Sleeping, or Waking, they have taken up all my Thoughts and Dreams: They have represented to me every thing that can give me the greatest Vexation; and what I ought to be most afraid of; and have filled my Imagination with Chimeras and strange Visions. I was in hopes that the Day would have made all that disappear; but it is already far advanced, and yet I still behold the same things. You, who are the absolute Mistress of my Life, suffer not such Disorder to Reign in a place where you command; drive these dismal Images out of a Mind, where there should be none but yours, and let not the finest thing in Nature be succeeded by the most frightful ones. I have so great a Faith in you, that, if you only say three words; after Reading this Letter, I believe I shall immediately receive Ease and Comfort by 'em: I shall be sensible, at this distance, of what you speak softly in your Chamber, and shall have Rest from the very moment of your wishing it me. If it was not the Surprise you were in, that made you dumb yesterday, I intreat you not to be so to Day; and if you cannot say very obliging things, but

only when you are pleased to talk of your self, do it now I am not near you to press you to it; when I do not ask it of you but at a distance, and with Submission; and when I assure you, that if you are even willing that I shou'd be unhappy, I had rather agree with you in being so, than have any Inclination contrary to yours.



LETTER XLVII.

WHEN I had no thoughts at all of you, and was very easie; what Occasion was there for your writing me word that you wish'd I was so? I enjoy'd the greatest Tranquillity imaginable; and I have lost it, upon being inform'd that you wish'd it me. Your being destin'd to disturb the quiet of my Life, is a strange thing; I cannot bear with your Indifferency, or your Hatred: Neither can I tell which I ought most to fear, your wishing me ill, or well. If you love me, I cannot be easie, If I know you do not love me, I cannot be joyful; and so that in what manner soever I think of you, you occasion a Disorder in my Mind. The only way I have to defend my self from you, is, not to think of you at all; and to blot entirely out of my Memory, all the Remaint of so lovely and dangerous a Person. I was pretty

pretty near this temper of Mind, when I receiv'd your Letter; and you are now come to spoil all, by wishing me Peace and Liberty: Since the Hurt is done, I must bear it, and patiently stay to see the Issue of it: But if it can ever happen, once again in my Life, that I should quite forget you; for God's sake, MADAM, let alone your Compliment of Rejoycing with me, and if you are glad of my Happiness, keep your Joy secret, and let me know nothing of it.

 MADAM
 LETTER XLVIII.

I Will not fail coming to take part of a Collation with you, tho' I know I shall be poison'd at it; and I have already found a Poison in your Letter which disposes me to receive all yours, and even to desire 'em. There is no need of your informing me how far devotion can change Peoples minds, I know it well enough already by my self; for it is that which has made such a Change in me, as enables me to live without the Sight of you. You have also just now made another in me, by the three Lines you wrote me. You should, methinks, have more Consideration, and not make your Neighbour run such a Venture: And, as far as I see, tho' you are devout, at least, you are

not scrupulous. But to be serious with you; 'Tis very maliciously done of you, to awaken in me, all those Sentiments which I had so much pains to lull asleep; and I will complain of it to the Bare-Footed *Carmelites*, unless it be that your handsom Treatment of me gives me no occasion of Complaint.



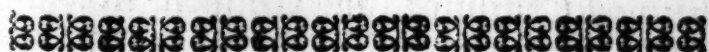
LETTER XLIX.

To MADAM—

MADAM,

I Did not expect that I had one good Day more to come in my whole Life; and perhaps it might have happen'd so, if you had not wish'd it me this Morning. If there is any thing farther, that you desire to obtain of me, you have entirely gain'd your point in every Thing by this last Favour; and I let you know it, because, if you should hereafter do me any others, I shall not be able to make you any farther Acknowledgments for 'em. I speak heartily to you; and as there is no Danger here in speaking loud, since no body overhears me, I say once more, that never any Thing touch'd me so sensibly, and I cannot

cannot return you thanks enough for that which you have lately done me. I may well call it a Favour, since it has given me a Reprieve, notwithstanding the Sentence you pronounc'd against me the other Day; and amidst so many terrible Vexations, has restor'd me to Life again. 'Tis true, the lingering Life I now lead, is so miserable, that I do not well know whether it is a Present I should highly value, if it did not come from you. And being still to pass fifteen Days without seeing you, I can't tell whether it is not a Cruelty to force me to live. However, I will live, since you command me, and still love me.--



LETTER L.

MADAM,

I Dare not acquaint you with my present Condition; and after my boasting so mightily of that Heart which I have given you, I am asham'd to let you see its Weakness. I thought, that the Assurance which I have of your Affection, would be a Protection for me, against all manner of Vexations; and that it was impossible I should be belov'd by you, and unhappy all at once. However, I find my self in as great Trouble

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and Confusion, as if I had lost every Thing, in losing the Sight of you ; and I torment my self, as if there was no other Good nor Evil in the World, but in seeing, and in not seeing you. That makes me believe, that our two Souls are not well mix'd together ; and I plainly find that you have given me a very little part of yours, since I want Courage to bear an Affliction. It is true, to consider it nicely, that that which I now feel, is not of that sort of Misfortunes, which Constancy teaches us to bear patiently ; and the strictest Reason cannot condemn so just a Sorrow as mine ; if it does not permit me to lament for the most Agreeable, the most Charming, and the most Accomplish'd Person in the World ; it cannot, at least, disapprove of my Concern for the most Knowing, the most Generous, and the Wisest. Tho' I should not be concern'd never to see you any more, I should always be so never to hear you any more ; and be extremely sensible of my losing a Conversation, which would at once both enlighten and burn my Soul : And which I never left, without being the more Polite, as well as the more Amorous Man. And, if amidst so many Causes of Sorrow and Uneasiness, I can receive any Consolation, it must happen to me contrary to my Expectation ; and it will be more fitting for you to give it me, than for me to find it my self. You then,

M A D A M,

MADAM, who have a clearer Insight than I, into every Thing; and especially, into my Heart and Fortune; tell me whether it is not reasonable, I should be extreamly concern'd at not seeing you; or if you cannot shew me, that I ought not to be griev'd, tell me, at least, that you do not desire it, and bid me take care of my self, till I see you again.



LETTER LI.

MADAM,

I Began to be in a violent Passion, about your not sending me an Answer, but the Report which goes here, of your coming speedily, has put me into a better Humour again; and has made this Anger last no longer than the other Displeasures, which I have formerly endeavour'd to have against you. Indeed, I, who pretend to remember all your Excellent Qualities, as well as if I still beheld 'em, should quite have forgotten the Sweetness and Affability of your Temper, if I believ'd that you could have disappointed me on this Occasion; and could have refused this Consolation to a Man, whom you might believe had

so great need of it. Really, I believe there were never any Vexations like mine, and tho' I certainly concluded, before I left you, that your Absence would kill me, I did not think it would do me half the Hurt it has done. * *Bibille, Gambille, and Fanfan*, never wept so much in their Lives for your Absence; and *Biquet* has not been quite so Sorrowful as my self, tho' you have not treated me very kindly. In good earnest, MADAM, I am just after the same manner in *Paris*, as you were formerly at *Basme*, except my having the Pleasure of Buying Sheep there; and as I am acquainted with your Humour, I could Swear, that your ten Years Solitude, did not seem so tedious to you, as this where I have been these three Weeks, does to me. I sometimes see a great many Ladies that are tolerably Handsom; but do you think they could make me talk to 'em? All the Women in the World are as indifferent to me now, as the Person you know who, was to you; and tho' they should have all the Loves and the Graces about 'em, they would not fix my Mind one Moment. I Smile a little now and then in Company, and after lightly considering every Thing, I retire within

* *Bibille, Gambille, Fanfan and Biquet, are the Names of the Lady's Lap-Dogs.*

my

my self, and reserve my Pleasures for another Time. Be pleased, MADAM, to let her, whom I impatiently expect, come quickly, and let me, after so much Uneasiness, be with you, as you formerly fore-told me.



LETTER LII.

THE Cannon of *Arras* has not done so much Execution as the Words you wrote me, since in an instant they have defeated the Enemies that had made me a Prisoner, and were going to take away my Life. Last Night at your House, I was attack'd by a Troop of Fears, Jealousies, Sorrows, and Suspicions ; and your Letter has routed all these. They pursued me into my Lodgings, and did not suffer me to take a Moment's Rest that Night : Really, you Punish those whom you Hate, a great deal more than the Marchioness of— would do ; and by putting what you do into my Head, you Revenge your self more of me, than if you clove me asunder. I imagine then, that there is in mine now, the Extremity of Joy and Sorrow together, all manner of Pleasures and Discontents ; and the most Violent Love that ever was,
with

with the greatest Jealousie and Distrust. Be pleased, MADAM, to unfold all this Mystery, and since I have but three Days to live, let me, at least, pass 'em quietly.



LETTER LIIL.

BEHOLD, I beseech you, the Power of your Inchantments ! which, notwithstanding the Condition I am in, makes me quite insensible of my Misfortune ; and tho' I am upon the point of receiving the greatest Affliction that can possibly befall to me, I am still the Happiest Man in the World. All the Beauty, Grace, Wit and Generosity under Heaven, and, even, all the Goodness, Affability and Generosity, are to leave me in three Days ; I am sensible, that all my Joy and Pleasure, my Heart and my Soul must go at the same time ; and yet amidst all these Troubles, I have nevertheless some easy Hours ; and if I have not Slept well to Night, I can say, at least, that I have spent it well. To speak the Truth, 'tis Satisfaction for a Man's whole Life, to spend an Afternoon as I did Yesterday. The bare Remembrance of the Felicity I then enjoy'd, ought to comfort

fort me under all Misfortunes; and tho' I had only Dreamt of it, it would be sufficient to make me Eternally Happy. This is the only Thought my Mind is fix'd on at present; and which defends it from so many sorts of Afflictions that threaten it, since all the Happiness that I have left, depends on my believing that you still love me a little. Let your Love for me, I beg you, continue some Time; and do not envy a Person, who is shortly to have so many Afflictions, this one Satisfaction.



LETTER LIV.

YOU will find, by the Letter I wrote you this Morning, that I conform my self entirely to your Will and Pleasure: And I now give you the greatest proof I can of my Obedience, by returning what you sent me. I like 'em both so well, that I cannot tell which to chuse, and I leave it wholly to you. The least, however, pleases me as well as the other, and in being the most sprightly and nice, it resembles you the more. Let me die, if I don't already love both of them better than my own Life, but not still so much as you. See what a naughty Woman you are, after
ha-

having an Excuse one Day, for loving two Persons, you now find out a way to make me love three. There is no need, however, of these Inventions, and in the Innocence I have remain'd ever since Yesterday, you shall do what you please with me. But, however, you shall never make me believe, after reading the Letter I just receiv'd, that you are not the most Agreeable, the most Lovely, and the most accomplish'd Lady in the World.



LETTER LV.

MY Eyes have been several Times since Yesterday, as you saw 'em; but as soon as I think of you, they immediately clear up, and cease Weeping. I cannot imagine, that there is any thing conceal'd in a Person who is so full of Light, or believe that Heaven has ever made so fine a Thing to deceive Mankind. This Picture, which I brought away from your House, cures me of all my Evils; and as soon as I cast my Eyes on it, my Spleen and Vapours forsake me, all my Jealousies and Fears vanish, and my Mind is filled with Glory and Satisfaction. 'Tis in this Joy-

Joyful State, that I now write to you ; and I assure you, that there is not a Man in the whole Universe, so Pleas'd, so Happy, or so Amorous, as I am.



LETTER LVI.

MONSIEUR de Castelnaut is well
Monsieur Mercoeur has been slightly wounded and the Marquiss de Faure very much ;

I commend you for your Goodness in taking care of the Dead and Wounded ; and I return you thanks, for the share, which perhaps, I have in it. I was fatally wounded the last time I saw you, but in a part, wherein I plainly foresee I shall never be cured ; and unless I am always in your Company, or within two Yards of you, I do not think I can live. Really, MADAM, 'tis highly imprudent in you, to make your self appear so Lovely and Engaging as you are, to those whom you wish no Ill to ; when I beheld but half the Charms of your Wit and Beauty, you had, even then, more than I could bear. Imagine what Condition then I am in now ; for I have not had one Moment's Rest since I left you. But after all
 this,

this, I have so much Joy and Satisfaction, that tho' I were to die the very next Hour, I would not complain of you ; as well because you are going away quickly, as upon Account of my own Life, which is likely to be very unhappy, I and shall be glad, if you took it away before you went.



LETTER LVII.

*Laughing becomes you well, my Fair,
And you are in a merry Air ;
But say what e're you will, or can,
Voiture is still a happy Man ;
That he knows not all your ways,
All your Tricks, and all your Plays,
Hey down derry, fal, la, la &c.
For then sad would be his Days.*

REALLY, you perform Wonders both in Verse and Prose, no body ever did the like ; for my part, I am in the greatest Astonishment in the World, and when I consider how Innocent you were this Winter that you durst not speak the most common Things, and took *Sophister* to be a naughty Word : I cannot conceive how you have been able to do what you have done now ; and that a Person who has never read

read but one Play, can become so knowing already. 'Tis a Miracle I don't understand, and I was not so much surpriz'd to hear the Nuns at *London* speak *Greek* and *Latin*, as I am now to see you write. I beseech you at least, MADAM, not to make use of this Spirit which is lately enter'd into you, to deceive me; for I plainly foresee, if you undertake it, it will not be in my power to hinder it. I leave it entirely to your Sincerity, and only desire you to be constant, till you find another that loves, esteems, and admires you as much as I do.



LETTER LVIII.

AFTER having nicely consider'd all the Passages that happen'd yesterday, I promise you more than you desir'd of me: For I assure you, I will never ask any thing of you, neither will I ever see you any more. I have just made such strange Vows and Resolutions, that if I should ever break 'em afterwards, I can only give you a very base Heart, and the most perjur'd Soul in the World. Indeed there must be an extreme Weakness in both, if they fall into your Hands again, after so much ill Usage as they

they met with there ; - and I shall justly deserve all the Evils that you can do me, if the Remembrance of those you have done, does not deliver me from you. A Ray of Light which shines upon me, as it were from Heaven, has enlighten'd my Blindness, discover'd to me the Falseness of your Charms, and shewn me, that she, whom I yesterday thought the most desireable Person on the Earth, is the only one whom I ought chiefly to fear, and fly from. Give me leave then to seek after Rest in some other place since I can have none with you; since there is no pain that you have not made me suffer, and since there are no new Torments left for you to exercise on me, be not concern'd at my leaving you. While you are reading this, I shall set out from *Paris*, with a firm Resolution never to return thither, till you leave it.



LETTER LIX.

YOU must certainly be destin'd to disturb the Quiet of my Life; since both the good and the ill which you do me, equally robs me of it. The Letter you writ me, the Passion you discover'd for me, and the

Love. Letters.

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the Care which you took in speaking to me, have hinder'd me from Sleeping this Night. I have spent every Hour of it in calling to mind what Grace, Wit, and Gentleness you shew in every thing, when you please; and in thinking that what is the most Agreeable, the Finest, and the most Charming in the World, does not equal the most indifferent Things that you say, or do. I know not what will happen to me, but I am sincerely afraid, that I cannot avoid falling into that Misfortune, which I told you yesterday, you would be glad of. When I think you love me, I don't Sleep; when I think you love another, I despair; when I am absent from you, I know not what I do; and when I am with you, all your Words, Looks, and Actions, bewitch me. Behold, I beseech you, what sort of Life mine is to be, and what I am to expect from it. Certainly there never was such an unfortunate Life; and all the Hopes I have, is, that your Absence is going to put an End to it, and to deliver me from all my Troubles at once.



LET-



LETTER LX.

*To a Lady who sent him a Pair of
Gloves as a present,*

I Cannot find in my heart to let your Ser-
vant go away without a Billet; and me-
thinks, this is the manner in which I must
pay such a Glover as you are. I have mat-
ter enough to furnish me with one; the most
amorous in the World; if I would write
you but the least part of what my Heart
feels for you: But knowing how ready you
are to improve every Advantage that is gi-
ven you, I dare not let you know how
powerful you are there; nor shew so much
Easiness as to be induced by a pair of Gloves
to discover the Secrets of my Mind. I shall
only assure you that I receiv'd yours with
as much Joy, as I should a Kingdom. There
never were any so fine, I have kiss'd 'em
above a Hundred times; and I could assure
you, as heartily as I would kiss the fairest
Hands in the World, were they not yours
that are so.

F I N I S.